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PULL-ON a pair of Rinexed shoes—they're comfortable from the start. No gradual "breaking in," as with board-like leather soles. No scuffing. No slipping about on hardwood floors or marble stairs. No anything that you have learned to endure with leather. You forget your shoes are soles.

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Surely There Is Something You Can Clean Up or Paint Up This Spring

THERE are two ways to keep a man out of the mud—so some one has said.

One is to punish him if he steps in.

The other is to block his boots.

You have read a great deal about how a man can change his environment: have you ever stepped to think how tremendously the environment can change the man?

We think of the Greeks as creators of wonderful statuary. It would be equally true, in a sense, to say that it was the wonderful statuary that created the Greeks.

It was the influence of those statues of big, muscular men, and beautiful women, ever before their eyes, that inspired the Greeks to build themselves up toward physical perfection.

Hypnotize a man: dirty his face and hands, and dress him in ragged clothes. What happens?

Instinctively he slouches; his actions become furtive, slovenly. His soul takes on the color of his hands.

Dress him in a soldier's uniform, and with no other suggestion his shoulders straighten.

Dress him like a gentleman, and his every movement betrays an increased self-respect.

What is true of men is true also of organizations.

I know a certain church that was in the dumps. No enthusiasm, no spirit, no pride. Everybody hopeless.

And some amateur psychologist with a little extra money determined to try an experiment.

At his own expense he treated the church building to two coats of paint.

The transforming influence of that paint was little short of miraculous.

Members, for the first time in their lives, began to feel a little pride in their church. And, feeling pride in it, they wanted to do something for it. Out of the pride came effort, and out of the effort enthusiasm, and out of enthusiasm new life for an organization that was almost dead.

I know a town where the Board of Trade never met except to attend to a body the funeral of a member. No new industries came to that town; people went elsewhere to trade. It was rolling downhill with the clutch thrown out and both brakes broken.

And somebody started a Spring Clean-Up Campaign. Men who had never done anything at all for the town got out and swarked together on the streets. Little children competed for the tin can prize and swatted the fly with a crusader enthusiasm.

When that Clean-Up Campaign was done it had created a sensation that simply could not be stifled. Citizens who had cleaned a street for the town wanted to do something else. The whole community began to be recreated because it had washed its face and blacked its boots.

For your own sake this spring, go out and clean up something; paint up something. Anything.

Quit pushing the children for tramping mud into the house. Make the house shine, and they will want to take off their shoes and enter in stocking feet.

Quit scolding about your town for its lack of spirit. Get it clean, for once, and see what happens.

Paint the fence in front of your house.

And a surprising thing will occur.

Every time you pass it in the morning on your way to work, you will be so pleased with yourself that the whole day will go better.

I would not be surprised if that feeling of self-satisfaction would actually register itself in your income.

If you want to lift yourself out of the mud—

Now's the time—this spring. Black your boots.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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"For ten years he had made that trip twice a year with the mails. There was not a cabin he did not know. . . .

. . . Now, propped against a tree, he took a last look at life. He knew that he was dying."

THE FIDDLING MAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Hawthorne Rowland

BREAULT'S cough was not pleasant to hear. A cough possesses manifold and almost undefinable diversities. But there is only one cough when a man has a bullet through his lungs and is measuring his life by minutes, perhaps seconds. Yet Breault, even as he coughed the red stain from his lips, was not afraid. Many times he had found himself in the presence of death, and long ago it had ceased to frighten him. Some day he had expected to come under the black shadow of it himself—not in a quiet and peaceful way, but all at once, with a shock. And the time had come. He knew that he was dying; and he was calm. More than that—in dying he was achieving a triumph. The red-hot death-eating in his lung had given birth to a frightful thought in his reckoning brain. The day of his great opportunity was at hand. The hour—the minute.

A last flush of the pale afternoon sun lighted up his black-bearded face as his eyes turned, with their new inspiration, to his sledge. It was a face that one would remember—not pleasantly, perhaps, but as a fixture in a shifting memory of things; a face strong with a brute strength, implacable in its hard lines, emotionless.

It was the best known face in all that part of the northland which reaches up from Fort McMurray to Lake Athabasca and westward to Fond du Lac and the Wholdaia country. For ten years Breault had made that trip twice a year with the northern mails. In all its reaches there was not a cabin he did not know. Yet there was not a man, woman, or child who welcomed him except for what he brought. But the government had found its faith in him justified. The police at their lonely outposts had come to regard his comings and goings as dependable as day and night. They blessed him for his punctuality, and not one of them missed him when he was gone. A strange man was Breault.

With his back against a tree, where he had propped himself after the first shock of the bullet in his lung, he took a last look at life with a passionless imperturbability. If there was any emotion at all in his face it was one of vindictiveness—an emotion roused by an intense and terrible hatred that in this hour saw the fulfilment of its vengeance.

HE measured the distance between himself and the sledge. It was perhaps a dozen paces. The dogs were still standing, tangled a little in their traces,—eight of them,—wide-chested, thin at the groins, a wolfish horde, built for endurance and speed. On the sledge was a quarter of a ton of his Majesty's mail. Toward this Breault began to creep slowly and with great pain. A hard tussle of him seemed crushing the fiber of his lung, so that the blood oozed out of his mouth. When he reached the sledge there were many red patches in the snow behind him. He opened with considerable difficulty a small dunnage sack, and after fumbling a bit took therefrom a pencil and an envelop.

For the first time a change came upon his countenance—a ghastly smile. And above his hissing breath, that gushed between his lips with the sound of air pumped through the fine mesh of a colander, there rose a still more ghastly croak of exultation and of triumph. Laboriously he wrote. A few words, and the pencil dropped from his stiffening fingers into the snow. Around his neck he wore a long red scarf held together by a big brass pin, and to this pin he fastened securely the envelop.

This much done,—the mystery of his death solved for those who might some day find him,—the ordinary man would have contented himself by yielding up life's struggle with as little more physical difficulty as possible. Breault was not ordinary. He was, in his one way, efficiency incarnate. He made space for himself on the sledge, and laid himself out in that space with great care, first taking pains to fasten about his thighs two babiche thongs that were employed at times to steady his freight. Then he ran his left arm through one of the loops of the stout mail-chest. By taking these precautions he was fairly secure in the belief that after he was dead and frozen stiff no amount of cough trailing by the dogs could roll him from the sledge.

In this conjecture he was right. When the starved and exhausted malemutes dragged their silent burden into the Northwest Mounted Police outpost barracks at Crooked Bow twenty-four hours later, an ax and a sapling bar were required to pry François Breault from his bier. Previous to this process, however, Sergeant Fitzgerald, in charge at the outpost, took possession of the soiled envelop pinned to Breault's red scarf. The information it bore was simple, and yet exceedingly definite. Few men in dying as Breault had died could have made the matter easier for the police.

On the envelop he had written:

Jan Thorenn shot me and left me for dead. Have just strength to write this—no more.
FRANÇOIS BREAULT.

It was epic—a colossal monument to this man, thought Sergeant Fitzgerald, as they pried the frozen body loose.

TO Corporal Blake fell the unpleasant task of going after Jan Thorenn. Unpleasant, because Breault's starved huskies and frozen body brought with them the worst storm of the winter. In the face of this storm Blake set out, with the Sergeant's last admonition in his ears, "Don't come back, Blake, until you've got him, dead or alive."

That is a simple and efficacious formula in the rank and file of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It has made volumes of stirring history, because it means a great deal and has been lived up to. Twice before, the words had been uttered to Blake—in extreme cases. The first time they had taken him for six months into the Barren Lands between Hudson's Bay and the Great Slave—and he came back with his man; the second time he was gone for nearly a year along the rim of the Arctic—and from there also he came back with his man. Blake was of that sort. A bulldog, a Nemesis when he was once on the trail, and—like most men of that kind—without a conscience. In the Blue Books of the service he was credited with arduous patrols and unusual exploits. "Put Blake on the trail" meant something.

Only one man knew Blake as Blake actually lived under his skin—and that was Blake himself. He hunted men and ran them down without mercy—not because he loved the law, but for the reason that he had in him the inherited instincts of the hound. This comparison, if quite

true, is none the less unfair to the hound. A hound is a good dog at heart.

In the January storm it may be that the vengeful spirit of François Breault set out in company with Corporal Blake to witness the consummation of his vengeance. That first night, as he sat close to his fire in the shelter of a thick spruce timber, Blake felt the unusual and disturbing sensation of a presence somewhere near him. The storm was at its height. He had passed through many storms, but to-night there seemed to be an uncannily concentrated fury in its beating and wailing over the roofs of the forests.

He was physically comfortable. The spruce trees were so dense that the storm did not reach him, and fortune favored him with a good fire and plenty of fuel. But the sensation oppressed him. He could not keep away from him his mental vision of Breault as he had helped to pry him from the sledge—his frozen features, the stiffened fingers, the curious twist of the icy lips that had been almost a grin.

Blake was not superstitious. He was too much a man of iron for that. His soul had lost the plasticity of imagination. But he could not forget Breault's lips as they had seemed to grin up at him. There was a reason for it. On his last trip down, Breault had said to him, with that same half-grin on his face:

"M'sieu, some day you may go after my murderer, and when you do, François Breault will go with you."

That was three months ago. Blake measured the time back as he sucked at his pipe, and at the same time he looked at the shadowy and half lost forms of his dogs, curled up for the night in the outer rim of firelight.

Over the tree-tops a sudden blast of wind howled. It was like a monster voice. Blake rose to his feet and rolled upon the fire the big night log he had dragged in, and to this he added, with the woodman's craft of long experience, lengths of green timber, so arranged that they would hold fire until morning. Then he went into his silk service tent and buried himself in his sleeping-bag.

For a long time he did not sleep. He listened to the crackle of the fire. Again and again he heard that monster voice moaning and shrieking over the forest. Never had the rage of storm filled him with the uneasiness of to-night. At last the mystery of it was solved for him. The wind came and went each time in a great moaning, half shrieking sound: *Brrrrr—o-o-o-o—o-o-o-o!*

It was like a shock to him; and yet, he was not a superstitious man. No, he was not that. He would have staked his life on it. But it is not pleasant to hear a dead man's name shrieked over one's head by the wind. Under the cover of his sleeping-bag flap Corporal Blake laughed. Funny things were always happening, he tried to tell himself. And this was a mighty good joke. Breault wasn't so slow, after all. He had given his promise, and he was keeping it; for, if it wasn't really Breault's voice up there in the wind, multiplied a thousand times, it was a good imitation of it. Again Corporal Blake laughed—a laugh as unpleasant as the cough that had come from Breault's bullet-punctured lung.

He fell asleep after a time; but even sleep could not drive from him the clinging obsession of the thought that strange things were to happen in this taking of Jan Thoreau.

WITH the gray dawn there was nothing to mark the passing of the storm except freshly fallen snow, and Blake was on the trail before it was light enough to see a hundred yards ahead. There was a defiance and a contempt of last night in the crack of his long caribou-gut whip and the halloo of his voice as he urged on his dogs. Breault's voice in the wind? Rot! Only a fool would have thought that. Therefore he was a fool. And Jan Thoreau—it would be like taking a child. There would be no happenings to report—merely an arrest, a quick return journey, an affair altogether too ordinary to be interesting. Perhaps it was all on account of the hearty supper of caribou liver he had eaten. He was fond of liver, and once or twice before it had played him tricks.

He began to wonder if he would find Jan Thoreau at home. He remembered him quite vividly. The Indians called him Kitsoochikun because he played a fiddle. Blake, the iron man, disliked him because of that fiddle. Jan was never without it, on the trail or off. The Fiddling Man, he called him contemptuously—a baby, a woman; not fit for the big north. Tall and slim, with blond hair in spite of his French blood and name, a quiet and unexcitable face, and an air that Blake called "damned superiority." He wondered how the Fiddling Man had ever screwed up nerve enough to kill Breault. Undoubtedly there had been no fight. A quick and treacherous shot, no doubt. That was like a man who played a fiddle. *Pouf!* He had no more respect for him than if he dressed in woman's clothing.

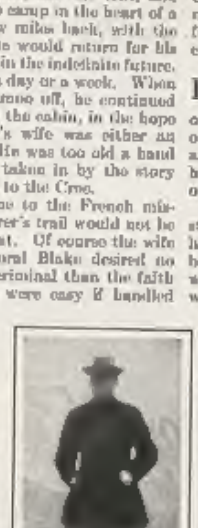
And he *did* have a wife, this Jan Thoreau. They lived a good twenty miles off the north-and-south trail, on an island in the middle of Black Bear Lake. He had never seen the wife. A poor sort of woman, he made up his mind, that would marry a fiddler. Probably a half-breed; maybe an Indian. Anyway, he had no sympathy for her. Without a doubt, it was the woman who did the trapping and cut the wood. Any man who would take a fiddle around on his back—

CORPORAL BLAKE traveled fast, and it was afternoon of the second day when he came to the dense spruce forest that shut in Black Bear Lake. Here something happened to change his plans somewhat. He met an Indian he knew—an Indian who, for two or three good reasons that stuck in the back of his head, dared not lie to him; and this tribesman, coming straight from the Thoreau cabin, told him that Jan was not at home, but had gone on a three-day trip to see the French missioner who lived at one of the lower Wheddin waterways.

Blake was keen on strategem. With him, man-hunting was like a game of chess; and after he had questioned the Indian for a quarter of an hour he saw his opportunity. Pastamoo, the Cree, was made a part of his Majesty's service on the spot, with the promise of torture and speedy execution if he proved himself a traitor.

Blake turned over to him his dogs and sledge, his provisions, and his tent, and commanded him to camp in the heart of a cedar swamp a few miles back, with the information that he would return for his outfit at some time in the indefinite future. He might be gone a day or a week. When he had seen Pastamoo off, he continued his journey toward the cabin, in the hope that Jan Thoreau's wife was either an Indian or a fool. He was too old a hand at his game to be taken in by the story that had been told to the Cree.

Jan had not gone to the French missioner's. A murderer's trail would not be given away like that. Of course the wife knew. And Corporal Blake desired no better string to a criminal than the faith of a wife. Wives were easy if handled right, and they had put the finishing touch to more than one of his great successes.



At the edge of the lake he fell back on his old trick—hunger, exhaustion, a sprained leg. It was not more than a quarter of a mile across the snow-covered ice of the lake to the thin spiral of smoke that he saw rising above the thick balsams on the island. Five times in that distance he fell upon his face; he crawled like a man about to die. He performed an arduous task, a devilish task, and when at last he reached the balsams he cursed his luck until he was red in the face. No one had seen him. That quarter-mile of labor was lost, its fiasco a failure. But he kept up the play, and staggered weakly through the sheltering balsams to the cabin. His artifice had no shame, even when played on women; and he fell heavily against the door, beat upon it with his fist, and slipped down into the snow, where he lay with his head bowed, as if his last strength was gone.

He heard movement inside, quick steps—and then the door opened. He did not look up for a moment. That would have been crude. When he did raise his head, it was very slowly, with a look of anguish in his face.

And then—he stared. His body all at once grew tense, and the counterfeit pain in his eyes died out like a flash in the most astounding moment of his life. Man of iron though he was, steeled to the core against the weaknesses of sudden emotions, it was impossible for him to restrain the gasp of amazement that rose to his lips.

In that stifled cry Jan Thoreau's wife heard the supplication of a dying man. She did not catch, back of it, the note of a startled beast. She was herself startled, frightened for a moment by the unexpectedness of it all.

And Blake stared. This—the fiddler's wife! She was clutching in her hand a brush with which she had been arranging her hair. The hair, jet black, was wonderful. Her eyes were still more wonderful to Blake. She was not an Indian—not a half-breed—and beautiful. The loveliest face he had ever violated, sleeping or awake, was looking down at him.

With a second gasp, he remembered himself, and his body sagged, and the amazed stare went out of his eyes as he allowed his head to fall a little. In this movement his cap fell off. In another moment she was at his side, kneeling in the snow and bending over him.

"You are hurt, m'sieu!"

Her hair fell upon him, smothering his neck and shoulders. The perfume of it was like the delicate scent of a rare flower in his nostrils. A strange thrill swept through him. He did not try to analyze it in those few astonishing moments. It was beyond his comprehension, even had he tried. He was ignorant of the finer fundamentals of life, and of the great truth that the case-hardened nature of a man, like the body of an athlete, crumbles fastest under sudden and unexpected change and strain.

HE regained his feet slowly and stupidly, assisted by Marie. They climbed the one step to the door. He sank back heavily on the cot, in the room they entered, and closed his eyes for a space. When he opened them, Marie was bending over the stove.

And *she* was Thoreau's wife! The instant he had looked up into her face, he had forgotten the fiddler; but he remembered him now as he watched the woman, who stood with her back toward him. She was as slim as a reed. Her hair fell to her hips. He drew a deep breath. Unconsciously he clenched his hands. *She*—the fiddler's wife! The thought repeated itself again and again: Jan Thoreau, *murderer*, and this woman—*his wife*.

She returned in a moment with hot tea, and he drank with subtle hypocrisy from the cup she held to his lips.

"Sprained my leg," he said then, remembering his old part, and replying to the questioning anxiety in her eyes. "Dogs ran away and left me, and I got here just by chance. A little more and—"

He smiled grimly, and as he sank back he gave a sharp cry. He had practised that cry in more than one cabin, and along with it a convulsion of his features to emphasize the impression he labored to make.

"I'm afraid—I'll be a trouble to you," he apologized. "It's not broken; but it's bad, and I won't be able to move—soon. Is Jan at home?"

"No, m'sieu; he is away."

"Away," repeated Blake disappointedly. "Perhaps sometime he has told you about me," he added with sudden hopefulness. "I am John Duval."

"M'sieu—*Duval!*"

Marie's eyes, looking down at him, because all at once great pools of glowing light. Her lips parted. She leaned toward him, her slim hands clasped suddenly to her breast.

"M'sieu Duval—who nursed him through the smallpox?" she cried, her voice trembling. "M'sieu Duval—who saved my Jan's life!"

Blake had looked up his facts at headquarters. He knew what Duval, the Barren Land trapper, had once upon a time done for Jan.

"Yes, I am John Duval," he said. "And so—you see—I am sorry that Jan is away."

"But he is coming back soon—in a few days," exclaimed Marie. "You shall stay, m'sieu! You will wait for him? Yes?"

"This leg—" began Blake. He cut himself short with a grimace. "Yes, I'll stay. I guess I'll have to."

MARIE had changed at the mention of Duval's name. With the glow in her eyes had come a flush into her cheeks, and Blake could see the strange little quiver at her throat as she looked at him. But she did not see Blake so much as what lay beyond him—Duval's lonely cabin away up on the edge of the Great Barren, the hours of darkness and agony through which Jan had passed, and the magnificent comradeship of this man who had now dragged himself to their own cabin, half dead.

Many times Jan had told her the story of that terrible winter when Duval had nursed him like a woman, and had almost given up his life as a sacrifice. And this—*this*—was Duval! She bent over him again as he lay on the cot, her eyes shining like stars in the growing dusk. In that dusk she was unconscious of the fact that his fingers had found a long tress of her hair and were clutching it passionately. Remembering Duval as Jan had enshrined him in her heart, she said:

"I have prayed many times that the great God might thank you, m'sieu."

He raised a hand. For an instant it touched her soft, warm cheek and caressed her hair. Marie did not shrink. The darkness was thickening swiftly and she could not see his face. To shrink—yes, that would have been insult. Even Jan would have said that. For was not this Duval, to whom she owed all the happiness in her life—Duval, more than brother to Jan Thoreau, her husband?

"And you—are Marie?" said Blake.

"Yes, m'sieu, I am Marie."

A joyous note trembled in her voice as she drew back from the cot. He could hear her swiftly braiding her hair before she struck a match to light the oil lamp hanging from the ceiling. After that, through partly closed eyes, he watched her as she prepared their supper. Occasionally, when she turned toward him as if to speak, he feigned a desire to sleep. It was a catlike watchfulness, filled with his old cunning. In his face there was no sign to betray its hideous significance.

Outwardly he had regained his iron-like impassiveness; but in his body and his brain every nerve and fiber was consumed by a monstrous desire—a desire for this woman, the murderer's wife. It was as strange and as sudden as the death that had come to François Breault. The moment he had looked up into her face in the doorway, it had overwhelmed him. And now even the sound of her footsteps

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EDWIN BALMER, *whose article, "Selecting Salesmen by Science," brought us letters from sales-managers all over the country, has written two other articles in further development of Professor Scott's researches. The first of these—"Pruning Up on Past Performance"—will appear next week.*

"In that stifled cry Jan Thoreau's wife did not reach the note of a startled beast."

on the floor filled him with an exquisite exultation. It was more than exultation. It was a feeling of possession. In the hollow of his hand he—Blake, the man-hunter—held the fate of this woman. She was the Fiddler's wife—and the Fiddler was a murderer.

Marie heard the sudden deep breath that forced itself from his lips, a gasp that would have been a cry of triumph if he had given it voice.

"You are in pain, m'sieu," she exclaimed, turning toward him quickly.

"A little," he said, smiling at her. "Will you help me to sit up, Marie?"

He saw ahead of him another and more thrilling game than the man-hunt now. And Marie, unsuspicious, put her arms about the shoulders of the Pharisee and helped him to rise.

THEY ate their supper with a narrow table between them. If there had been a doubt in Blake's mind before that, the half hour in which she sat facing him dispelled it utterly. At first the amazing beauty of Thoreau's wife had impinged itself upon his senses with something like a shock. But he was cool now. He was again master of his old cunning. Pitilessly and without conscience, he was marshaling the crafty forces of his brute nature for this new and more thrilling fight—the fight for a woman.

That in representing the Law he was pledged to virtue as well as order had never entered into his code of life. To him the Law was force—power. It had exalted him. It had forged an iron mask over the face of his savagery. And it was the savage that was dominant in him now. He saw in Marie's dark eyes a great love—love for a murderer.

It was not his thought that he might alienate that. For that look, turned upon himself, he would have sacrificed his whole world as it had previously existed. He was scheming beyond that impossibility, measuring her even as he called himself Duval, counting—not his chances of success, but the length of time it would take him to succeed.

He had never failed. A man had never beaten him. A woman had never tricked him. And he granted no possibility of failure now. But—*how?* That was the question that writhed and twisted itself in his brain even as he smiled at her over the table and told her of the black days of Jan's sickness up on the edge of the Barren.

And then it came to him—all at once. Marie did not see. She did not *feel*. She had no suspicion of this loyal friend of her husband's.

Blake's heart pounded triumphant. He hobbled back to the cot, leaning on Marie's slim shoulder; and as he hobbled he told her how he had helped Jan into his cabin in just this same way, and how at the end Jan had collapsed—just as he did when he came to the cot. He pulled Marie down with him—accidentally. His lips touched her head. He laughed.

For a few moments he was like a drunken man in his new joy. Willingly he would have gambled his life on his chance of winning. But confidence displaced none of his cunning. He rubbed his hands and said:

"Gawd, but won't it be a surprise for Jan? I told him that some day I'd come. I told him!"

It would be a tremendous joke—this surprise he had in store for Jan. He chuckled over it again and again as Marie went about her work; and Marie's face flushed and her eyes were bright, and she laughed softly at this great love which Duval betrayed for her husband. No; even the loss of his dogs and his outfit couldn't spoil his pleasure! Why should it? He could get other dogs and another outfit—but it had been three years since he had seen Jan Thoreau!

WHEN Marie had finished her work he put his hand suddenly to his eyes.

"*Pestre!* but last night's storm must have hurt my eyes. The light blinds them, *ma chérie*. Will you put it out, and sit down near me, so that I can see you as you talk, and tell me all that has happened to Jan Thoreau since that winter three years ago?"

She put out the light, and threw open the door of the box-stove. In the dim firelight she sat on a stool beside Blake's cot. Her faith in him was like that of a child. She was twenty-two. Blake was fifteen years older. She felt the immense superiority of his age.

This man, you must understand, had been more than a brother to Jan. He had been a father. He had risked his life. He had saved him from death. And Marie, as she sat at his side, did not think of him as a young man—thirty-seven. She talked to him as she might have talked to an older brother of Jan's, and with something like the same reverence in her voice.

It was unfortunate—for her—that Jan had loved Duval, and that he had never tired of telling her about him. And now, when Blake's caution warned him to lie no more about the days of plague in Duval's cabin, she told him—as he had asked her—about herself and Jan: how they had lived during the last three years, the important things that had happened to them, and what they were looking forward to.

He caught the low note of happiness that ran through her voice; and with a laugh, a laugh that sounded real and wholesome, he put out his hand in the darkness—for the fire had burned itself low—and stroked her hair. She did not shrink from the caress. He was happy because *they* were happy. That was her thought. And Blake did not go too far.

She went on, telling Jan's life away, betraying him in her happiness, crucifying him in her faith. Blake knew that she was telling the truth. She did not know that Jan had killed François Brault, and she believed that he would surely return in three days. And the way he had left her that morning! Yes, she confided even that to this big brother of Jan, her cheeks flushing hotly in the darkness—how he had hated to go, and held her a long time in his arms before he tore himself away.

Had he taken his fiddle along with him? Yes—always that. Next to herself he loved his violin. Once—no, no—she was not jealous of the violin! Blake laughed—such a big, healthy, happy laugh, with an odd tremble in it. He stroked her hair again, and his fingers lay for an instant against her warm cheek.

And then, quite casually, he played his second big card.

"A man was found dead on the trail yesterday," he said. "Some one killed him. He had a bullet through his lung. He was the mail-runner, François Brault."

IT was then, when he said that Brault had been murdered, that Blake's hand touched Marie's cheek and fell to her shoulder. It was too dark in the cabin to see. But under his hand he felt her grow suddenly rigid, and for a moment or two she seemed to stop breathing. In the gloom Blake's lips were smiling. He had struck, and he needed no light to see the effect.

"François—Brault!" he heard her breathe at last, as if she were fighting to keep something from choking her. "François Brault—dead—killed by some one—"

She rose slowly. His eyes followed her, a shadow in the gloom as she moved toward the stove. He heard her strike a match, and when she turned toward him again in the light of the oil lamp, her face was pale and her eyes were big and staring. He swung himself to the edge of the cot, his pulse beating with the savage thrill of the inquisitor. Yet he knew that it was not quite time for him to disclose himself—not quite. He did not dread the moment when he would rise and tell her that he was not injured, and that he was not M'sieu Duval, but Corporal Blake of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. He was eager for that moment. But he waited—discreetly. When the trap was sprung there would be no escape.

"You are sure—it was François Brault?" she said at last.

He nodded.

"Yes, the mail-runner. You knew him?"

She had moved to the table, and her hand was gripping the edge of it. For a space she did not answer him, but seemed to be looking somewhere through the cabin walls—a long way off. Ferret-like, he was watching her, and saw his opportunity. How splendidly fate was playing his way!

He rose to his feet and hobbled painfully to her, a splendid hypocrite, a magnificent dissembler. He seized her hand and held it in both his own. It was small and soft, but strangely cold.

"*Ma chérie*—my dear child—what makes you look like that? What has the death of François Brault to do with you—you and Jan?"

It was the voice of a friend, a brother, low, sympathetic, filled just enough with anxiety. Only last winter, in just that way, it had won the confidence and roused the hope of Pierrot's wife, over on the Athabasca. In the summer that followed they hanged Pierrot. Gently Blake spoke the words again. Marie's lips trembled. Her great eyes were looking at him—straight into his soul, it seemed.

"You may tell me, *ma chérie*," he encouraged, barely above a whisper. "I am Duval. And Jan—I love Jan."

He drew her back toward the cot, dragging his limb painfully, and seated her again upon the stool. He sat beside her, still holding her hand, petting it, encouraging her.

The color was coming back into Marie's cheeks. Her lips were growing full and red again, and suddenly she gave a trembling little laugh as she looked up into Blake's face. His presence began to dispel the terror that had possessed her all at once.

"Tell me, Marie."

He saw the shudder that passed through her slim shoulders.

"They had a fight—here—in this cabin—three days ago," she confessed. "It must have been—the day—he was killed."

Blake knew the wild thought that was in her heart as she watched him. It was Marie's hand that gripped his now.

"No, no, no—it was not Jan," she mourned. "It was not Jan who killed him!"

"Hush!" said Blake.

He looked about him as if there was a chance that some one might hear the fatal words she had spoken. It was a splendid bit of acting, almost unconscious, and tremendously effective. The expression in his face stabbed to her heart like a cold knife. He might as well have spoken the words: "It was Jan, then, who killed François Breault!"

Instead of that he said:

"You must tell me everything, Marie. How did it happen? Why did they fight? And why has Jan gone away? For Jan's sake, you must tell me—everything."

HE waited. It seemed to him that he could hear the fighting struggle in Marie's breast. Then she began, brokenly, a little at a time, now and then barely whispering the story. Perhaps at one time the rivalry between Jan Thoreau and François Breault, and their struggle for her love, had made her heart beat faster and her cheeks flush warm with a woman's pride of conquest, even though she had loved one and had hated the other. None of that pride was in her voice now, except when she spoke of Jan.

"Yes—like that—children together—we grew up," she confided. "It was down there at Wollaston Post, in the heart of the big forests, and when I was a baby it was Jan who carried me about on his shoulders. Oui, even then he played the violin. I loved it. I loved Jan—always. Later, when I was seventeen, François Breault came."

She was trembling.

"Jan has told me a little about those days," lied Blake. "Tell me the rest, Marie."

"I—I knew I was going to be Jan's wife," she went on, the hands she had withdrawn from his twisting nervously in her lap. "We both knew. And you—he had not spoken—he had not been definite. Oo-oo, do you understand, M'sieu Duval? It was my fault at the beginning! François Breault loved me. And so—I played with him—only a little, m'sieu!—to frighten Jan into the thought that he might lose me. I did not know what I was doing. No—no; I didn't understand.

"Jan and I were married; and on the day Jan saw the missioner, a week before we were made man and wife, François Breault came in from the trail to see me, and I confessed to him, and asked his forgiveness. We were alone. And he—François Breault—was like a madman." She was panting. Her hands were clenched. "If Jan hadn't heard my cries, and come just in time—" she breathed.

Her blazing eyes looked up into Blake's face. He understood, and nodded.

"And it was like that—again—three days ago," she continued. "I hadn't seen Breault in two years. And he was mad. Yes, he must have been mad when he came three days ago. I don't know that he came so much for me as it was to kill Jan. He said it was Jan. Ugh, and it was here—in the cabin—that they fought!"

"And Jan—punished him," said Blake in a low voice.

Again the convulsive shudder swept through Marie's shoulders.

"It was strange—what happened, m'sieu. I was going to shoot. Yes, I would have shot him when the chance came. But all at once François Breault sprang back to the door, and he cried: 'Jan Thoreau, I am mad—mad! Great God, what have I done?' Yes, he said that, m'sieu, those very words—and then he was gone."

"And that same day—a little later—Jan went away from the cabin, and was gone a long time," whispered Blake. "Was it not so, Marie?"

"Yes; he went to his trap-line, m'sieu."

For the first time Blake made a movement. He took her face boldly between his two hands, and turned it so that her staring eyes were looking straight into his own. Every fiber in his body was trembling with the thrill of his monstrous triumph.

"My dear little girl, I must tell you the truth," he said. "Your husband, Jan, did not go to his trap-line three days ago. He followed François Breault, and killed him. And I am not John Duval. I am Corporal Blake of the Mounted Police, and I have come to get Jan, that he may be hanged by the neck until he is dead for his crime. I came for that. But I have changed my mind. I have seen you, and for you I would give even a murderer his life. Do you understand? For you—you—you—"

And then came the grand finale, just as he had planned it. His words had stupefied her. She made no movement, no sound—only her great eyes seemed alive. And suddenly he swept her into his arms with the wild passion of a beast. How long she lay against his breast, his arms crushing her, his hot lips on her face, she did not know.

The world had grown suddenly dark. But in that darkness she heard his voice; and what it was saying roused her at last from the deadliness of her stupor. She strained against him, and with a wild cry broke from his arms and staggered across the cabin floor to the door of her bedroom. Blake did not pursue her. He let the darkness of that room shut her in. He had told her—and she understood.

He shrugged his shoulders as he rose to his feet. Quite calmly, in spite of the wild rush of blood through his body, he went to the cabin door, opened it, and looked out into the night. It was full of stars, and quiet.

IT was quiet in that inner room, too—so quiet that one might fancy he could hear the beating of a heart. Marie had flung herself in the farthest corner, beyond the bed. And there her hand had touched something. It was cold—the chill of steel. She could almost have screamed, in the mighty reaction that swept through her like an electric shock. But her lips were dumb and her hand clutched tighter at the cold thing.

She drew it toward her inch by inch, and leveled it across the bed. It was Jan's goose-gun, loaded with buckshot. There was a single metallic click as she drew the hammer back. In the doorway, looking at the stars, Blake did not hear.

Marie waited. She was not reasoning things now, except that in the outer room there was a serpent that she must kill. She would kill him as he came between her and the light. Then she would follow over Jan's trail, overtake him somewhere, and they would live together. Of that much she thought ahead. But chiefly her mind, her eyes, her brain, her whole being, were concentrated on the twelve-inch opening between the bedroom door and the outer room. The serpent would soon appear there. And then—

She heard the cabin door close, and Blake's footsteps approaching. Her body did not tremble now. Her forefinger was steady on the trigger. She held her breath—and waited. Blake came to the dead-line, and stopped. She could see one arm and a part of his shoulder. But that was not enough. Another half step—six inches—four even, and she would fire. Her heart pounded like a tiny hammer.

AND then the very life in her body seemed to stand still. The cabin door had opened suddenly, and some one had entered. In that moment she would have fired, for she knew that it must be Jan who had returned. But Blake had moved. And now, with her finger at the trigger, she heard his cry of amazement:

"Sergeant Fitzgerald!"

"Yes. Put up your gun, Corporal. Have you got Jan Thoreau?"

"He—is gone."

"That is lucky for us." It was the stranger's voice again, filled with a great relief. "I have traveled fast to overtake you. Matao, the half-breed, was stabbed in a quarrel soon after you left; and before he died he confessed to killing Brenolt. The evidence is conclusive. Ugh, but this fire is good! Anybody at home?"

"Yes," said Blake slowly. "Mrs. Thoreau—is—at home."

Where Herm Belonged to Be

By SEWELL FORD

"He has the kind of map you're apt to remember. Oh, he's a mess-again, all right."

BLAMED if I know how it is I happen to catch so many of 'em. Honest, if my name was Spider Webb instead of Shorty McCabe, or if the Physical Culture Studio was in the basement, with a trap-door from the sidewalk, the crop of strays couldn't be much bigger.

Now, here I am, sittin' quiet and dignified with my heels up on the roll-top, enjoyin' an hour off because one of my reg'lars had canceled a date. I wasn't even readin' the mornin' paper that I had spread out in front of me.

Well, I looks up to see a total stranger dodge through the front office door and close it after him soft and stealthy. He listens a second, with his ear to the crack, before he lets go of the knob.

When I say he was a total stranger I mean it all, too. Not by any chance could he be some one I'd met before and forgot. Hardly! He has the kind of map you're apt to remember—shifty, narrow-gauge eyes; long, thin nose; droopy mustache; and a chin that fades away into a prominent throat apple. It's a combination you don't meet every day. Then there's the soft black hat with the wide brim, the roll-plated watch-chain looped across the port side of his vest, and the near-canvas cigarn danglin' from the third buttonhole. Oh, he's a mess-again, all right.

Not the bashful, retirin' kind, though. After he's stretched his ear once more towards the keyhole, he slouches across the room and favors me with a grin.

"One of these here health studios, eh?" says he, jerkin' his thumb at the sign on the ground glass. "Just thought I'd drop in and take a look around."

"How folksy of you!" says I. "But we don't claim to be in the same class with Grant's Tomb or the Art Museum, you know. So make it snappy."

That little hint don't get to him at all. He proceeds to gawp at the ring trophies and signed photos on the wall; and then, pullin' up a chair, he plants himself easy.

"I reckon you can guess who I am, neighbor," he remarks.

"In a way," says I. "You're the kind we see at Niagara Falls in the summer, and St. Pete., Florida, in the winter; one of the Cousin Butt-in breed."

He seems more disappointed than peeved.

"Oh, come!" says he. "Take a look."

"Thanks," says I, "but I've mislaid my lorgnette. Shoot me the answer before I get nervous."

At that he leans over and whispers husky:

"I'm Gundy."

"Are you?" says I. "Which Gundy?"

Which don't make a hit with him, either. He pushes the dusty black felt further back, revealin' a forelock of mud-colored hair, and scowls a trifle annoyed.

"Why, *the* Gundy," says he. "Hiram Gundy, of Maumee, South Carolina."

"Sorry," says I, "but I don't circulate much down in the blind tiger belt. What made you think, Herm, that I ought—"

"Well, you are slow, you New York folks," he breaks in. "Don't know what's goin' on right in your own town. Here! Lemme show you." With that he reaches for the mornin' paper and turns to the front page. "There! That's me."

"Oh!" says I, readin' the head-line, "'Gundy Will Tell All.' Oh, you!"

Course, I don't pretend to keep track of half these bank jobs they put over on the government. And this special one—something about a big water-power graft that had been slipped through with the pork bill—hadn't got me any more excited than the others. I knew, in a general way, that a senator and a Cabinet officer was said to be mixed up in it, along with some of our Wall Street bunch.

Generally, too, along with the big names that come up, there are one or two unknowns thrown sudden into the

spotlight, and for a few days they're reg'lar head-liners. Near as I could make out, something like that had happened to this Gundy person.

"'Gundy Will Tell All,'" I repeats. "Well, will you?"

"Maybe," says he, waggin' his head; "maybe not. It depends."

SAY, it don't take much to amuse me when I've got spare time on my hands. I gives Gundy the droop-eyed size-up. You can see the Main Street Sunset Alook stickin' out from every angle of him.

"I expect you're some guy—down in Maumee?" says I.

"How about here, too?" he asks.

I hunches my shoulders.

"New York's quite a big burg, you know," says I.

"Not so dorned big it can fool with Herm Gundy," says he. "I reckon I've made it sit up and take notice already. And I ain't through yet, not by a dumbed sight. I know a few things, I do."

"Think of that!" says I. "It's a wonder they let you run around loose."

Gundy indulges in a throaty cackle.

"They don't," says he. "That's why I ducked in here to give 'em the slip. See?"

"No," says I. "I don't quite get you. Give who the slip, for instance?"

"Secret Service men and private detectives," says he. "There's a pair of each. But say, I got good and tired of bein' cooped up in that gosh-dinged hotel, with nobody to talk to but fool lawyers. So I took a sneak out a side door. Thought I'd made a clean getaway, too, until just as I got along here, when I had an idea I could see one of 'em trailin' behind me. That's when I dodged into your stairway. I reckon that threw 'em off, eh?"

"We'll hope so," says I. "I ain't anxious to get mixed up in anything. You're a witness to something or other, I take it?"

"I should say I was," says he. "I'm *the* witness. Why, the whole government case is built up on what I can tell. Wa'n't the deal put through right in the sample room of our hotel?"

"Oh!" says I. "You're a landlord, are you?"

"Well," says he dragging, "not exactly. Amounts to the same thing, though. For what old man Hovey knows about runnin' a hotel ain't much. It's me that 'tends to 'most everything, from keepin' the cook good-humored to meetin' guests at the Junction and drivin' 'em down."

"Must be quite a joint if you had all that swell push down there?"

"We can take care of fifteen or twenty when we're pushed," says he. "I been at old Hovey to build on a wing and put in a couple more bath-rooms—reg'lar ones with white porcelain tubs in 'em. But not him. He won't even get me any new ice-water pitchers, nor paint the front veranda. All he wants to do is sit around and swap yarns with drummers. Lazy! You wouldn't believe."

"Yes, I would, Herm," says I. "I've put up at places just like the Hovey House—dozens of 'em. It's catty-cornered across from the general store, with a fine view of the hitchin'-rail and the hay-scales. There's about five porch rockers out front, some with the bottoms gone and all of 'em with the arms well whittled up. Inside there's a rusty Franklin wood-stove in the middle of the office, and for wall decorations there's a collection of fire-insurance calendars, some datin' back to 1903. And I'll bet the ice-water cooler in the corner ain't been scoured out since the pink roses painted on the front was new. Has it, now?"

Herm shakes his head.

"You got it about right," says he. "We don't put on many frills at the Hovey House."

"And you mean to say," I goes on, "that you had a lot of big guns—senators and so on—stoppin' there? Ah, buck up!"

"I didn't claim we had the whole United States Senate," says Gundy. "But we had one senator, all right. We've had him before. Comes down for the quail-shootin'. And say, we got the best bird country in the State. Maybe that's what this Mr. Stillmore and Mr. Lamson came for, too. Maybe!" And Herm drops his left eyelid.

"Stillmore?" says I, pricklin' up my ears. "Not old H. R. himself?"

"That's the very one," says Herm. "He didn't put it on the register, but there was the initials on his bag—H. R. S.—and I heard the senator call him by name. Didn't he do some fussin' about the mattress in his room, though! One night on that was enough for him, he says. That's how I happened to be sittin' up until all hours, so I could drive him back to the Junction to catch No. 37, that goes through at one-fifteen. And some close session them three had in the sample room that night, I'm tellin' you."

"Huh!" says I. "Come now, Herm, didn't they talk it over out in the office right in front of you? Or maybe ask you to join in?"

"No, they didn't," growls Gundy, turnin' sulky. "But, just the same— Well, I know what I know. What's more, they suspicioned I do, too. If they didn't, why should they be tryin' to pump it out of me?"

"Have they?" I asks. "Who, Stillmore?"

"That slick young fellar came from him, I'll bet," says Gundy. "Who else in New York would be so anxious to show me the sights, take me to the the-ayter, and put me up at that swell hotel? I've been lettin' him, too. All them Secret Service men did, after I wrote on to Washington bein' what I could tell, was to send me a summons and forty dollars expense money. But this young Mr. Palmer acted different. He knew how to do it right. Why, say, I been ridin' in these here taxicabs, and eatin' fancy dinners, and goin' to musical shows and cabby-rets for near a week. Never cost me a red, either. And talk about free cigars—Look at them!" At which Gundy displays his bulgin' vest pockets.

"And if I was a heavy drinker," he goes on, "I could have anything they got at the bar any time I want. But I got to keep my head straight, with such a lot dependin' on me while I'm up here. I got to think of the gov'rnment, ain't I?"

"Herm," says I, "if you're a federal witness, how is it you're chasin' round with scouts from the other side? Is that playin' it square with Uncle Sam?"

"How should I know who this young Palmer is from?" protests Gundy. "He ain't said, and I ain't asked. And if he wants me to go inspect some mines or something down in South America—well, why shouldn't I?"

With that he tips me another of them ongey winks, and proceeds to bite the end off a twenty-five-cent Havana.

"'Hey, you! This way out. Ah, yes, you will, or I'll let loose the extinguisher on you.'"

"So it was you sent out the tip on them three gettin' together down there, was it?" I asks. "How'd you happen to think of doin' that?"

"Well," says he, "I'll tell you. It's because I had my eyes and ears open. I've been readin' the papers ever since I was a kid—readin' 'em close, and thinkin'. And it struck me that gettin' into the papers was what counted. I got to figurin' how I could break in.

"But it wa'n't until Congress begun to talk up this investigation that I saw my chance to land. Took 'em just three weeks after they got my letter before they got busy. I reckon they was lookin' up the facts. But when they found I know what I was talkin' about—

"Well, here I am. I've broke in, ain't I? Say, I've had my picture printed more'n a dozen times; I've been followed by reporters all over town; and I'm livin' high. That's gettin' there, ain't it?"

"Ye-o-es," says I, "if that's what you want."

"It is—just," says he. "Nobody at home thought I could do it. Why, say, ten days ago I amounted to about as much in Maumee as a ham sandwich at a fried chicken dinner. Maybe people would nod to me, maybe they wouldn't. What do I care for 'em now, though? I've made my name known from one end of the country to the other. I've got Congress waitin' on what I'm goin' to say next. I've stirred up New York and got some of your big men squirmin' restless. They're losin' sleep nights askin' themselves, how much does Herm Gundy know, anyway? Ain't that so?"

I couldn't deny it.

"Between you and me, Herm," says I, "what did you hear that evenin'?"

GUNDY, he glances around cautious. Then he leans back and chuckles.

"That's the big joke," says he. "Not a blamed thing."

"Eh?" says I. "You mean—"

"I was sound asleep on two chairs out in the office," he goes on. "Why should I be rubberin'? I didn't know who Stillmore was at the time, or anything about this water-power graft. I supposed they was playin' poker in there. But say, they don't know that. I got 'em buffaloed all right, too. That trip to South America ain't all I'm goin' to pull out of this. Before I get through I mean to strike 'em for— Say! What was that?"

I'd heard it, too. Sort of a scrapin' sound from outside the air-shaft window just beyond the desk. And a shuffle out in the hallway behind Herm. I signals to him to slip over to the door, while I jumps to the window and runs up the sash.

It's no false alarm. Here's a couple of well dressed gents crouchin' out on the fire-escape.

"Hey, you!" I calls out. "This way out. Ah, yes, you will, or I'll let loose the extinguisher on you. That's right: Come in and be sociable."

I expect they didn't like the looks of that copper tank I'd grabbed off the hook. Anyway, in they climbs.

Meanwhile Gundy has hailed another pair that he's found in the hallway, and in a minute we has the quartette facin' each other. Herm seems to know 'em all, by sight anyway, for he nods to three of 'em; and to the other—one of the pair on the fire-escape—he says jaunty:

"Hello, Palmer. That you?"

"Well, gents," says I, "is this a surprise party, or what? And why all the sleuthy motions?"

The pair from the hallway exchanges glances, and then one of 'em speaks up.

"You may have him, Palmer," says he. "Send him to the South Pole if you like."

And with that they makes a quick exit.

YOUNG Mr. Palmer stands starin' at Gundy, gettin' pinker and pinker under the eyes. Finally he breaks out with:

"I say, Gundy, we have no further use for you. Get back to South Carolina the best way you can."

He's real waspy about it, too. But Herm Gundy ain't to be crushed that way. What chin he has he's holdin' up off his collar.

"Oh, that's the way you feel about it, is it?" says he. "Came rubberin' around, and got an earful, didn't you? And now you're goin' to kick me out. Say, lemme tell you a few things first. I'm as ready to go as you are to have me. I've seen enough of your town to last a life-time, I put one over on you. Had you scared stiff. That's enough for me. If you think I want to stay on much longer in this mossy, noisy mob of foreigners, you're mistaken. Maumee for me, every time. But say, Mr. Palmer, fain't goin' to walk."

"What do you mean?" demands Palmer.

"I ran still tell the newspaper boys about that South American trip."

Mr. Palmer shrugs his shoulders.

"How much?" he asks.

"Oh, a hundred ought to do it, I reckon," says Herm careless.

And Palmer, after countin' out five twenties, turns on his heel. Gundy gathers the yellow-backs from the floor where the young man has tossed 'em peevish.

"Oh, well!" says he, with a chuckle. "It didn't last long, but I broke in."

"And now," says I, "it's back to Maumee for good, eh?"

"Uh-huh," says Herm. "I reckon that's where I belong to be."

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

FOR HE WAS SCOTCH, AND SO WAS SHE

By JEAN BLEWETT

THEY were a couple well content
With what they earned and what they spent,
Cared not a whit for style's decree—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

And oh, they loved to talk of Burns—
Dear blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong.
One little fault could neither see—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country life and blood,
Who held their faith so grand a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king.
Ah, proud of such they well might be—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

From neighbors' broils they kept away;
No liking for such things had they,
And oh, each had a canny mind,
And could be deaf, and dumb, and blind.
With words or peace was neither free—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know in married life
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

But near of heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past,
They loved each other to the last.
They're loving yet, in heaven, maybe—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

From Canadian Poets and Poetry, chosen and edited by John W. Garvin, B.A. (Frederick A. Stokes Company).

ARE YOU LETTING YOUR CHILD BE HONEST?

Many things should be granted to childhood, says a contemporary scientist. Among them, day-dreams and bad company manners.

IF Willy stoutly refuses to play nicely with Mrs. Browne's little Mildred when they come to call, it may be embarrassing for you, but it is better for Willy in the long run frankly to make faces at Mildred than hypocritically to kowtow to a grown-up's idea of the proper thing. In *Preventive Medicine and Hygiene* (D. Appleton & Company) M. J. Rosenau traces neurosis, psychoses, and many of the mental ills of adult life to a childhood full of situations where the youngster was induced to "act as if he felt a certain way" when he did not.

"It is necessary to look upon existence," says Mr. Rosenau, "as a continual series of adjustments between fundamental instinctive demands on the one hand, and the requirements of society on the other. As the child's life unfolds, these adjustments increase in number and complexity. The capacity for adjustment varies greatly in different individuals, but every one may be helped by proper education in early youth.

"Of the utmost importance in laying the foundation in childhood for mental reactions which in later life may prevent mental difficulties is the cultivation of a frank emotional attitude. The sex instinct is involved most frequently and most profoundly, and it is to be hoped that the movement for instruction in sex hygiene will grow upon a rational and strong foundation. Personal difficulties of children should never be dissembled, but faced in their realities. Children do not feel the same emotions as adults, and the efforts of parents or teachers to make them feel sympathy or sorrow or remorse when they do not, simply plant the seed for unreal emotional attitudes in later years. Recourse to the unreal is the habit which it is the mental hygiene's great task to prevent. It is much better to have a child do something to relieve suffering than to induce him to act as if he felt an emotion which in reality he does not. No other course will so surely prevent the growth of self-love and self-consciousness as the frank facing of actuality in childhood."

CLINICAL DEATH AND TRUE DEATH

WHEN a man's body becomes suddenly cold and rigid, when his breath fails and his eyes stare and glaze, we say that the man is dead. "So far, it is only clinical—that is, bedside death," writes Dr. D. H. Dooley in the *University of Missouri Bulletin*. "A better term is *relative death*."

Death is a long process. First one of the important organs—the heart or the lungs or the nervous system—fails of its vital functions. "In turn, as dependent upon one of these and interrelated, the failure of others follows." But until every organ in the body has been drained of life it has the power to live and get strong again. Each organ may be restored to function by reproducing its natural conditions; and even the nervous system, which is more delicate and intricate than the heart and lungs, may be restored and and every known faculty of mind return.

"Cut off the head of a snake, and his body continues to wiggle—not necessarily to the popular sundown limit. Statements that the hair and nails have continued to grow after death are to be found. There is absolutely no scientific reason why this may not happen. Given the proper temperature, it would be expected. The cells that develop these are the most primitive, and could receive sufficient nourishment from the fluid which bathes them. It is not until every vestige of life, both in function and in growth, has vanished that true death, the absolute condition, becomes a reality."

All this, concludes the doctor, is for the sake of encouraging patient effort in working over people whom others believe "drowned-dead."

WHAT ONE OF OUR PRESIDENTS HAD TO BEAR

WHEN Andrew Jackson became candidate for President he was a wild roysterer compared to the suave John Quincy Adams with his Boston accent. His enemies called him the "Tennessee Slander," the "Great Western Bluebeard," the "Man of the Pistol and Dirk." "Violent, untrimm, and a gambler, Jackson is all this besides a Duellist and a Murderer," said one critic.

"The only attack that touched the war hero was aimed at his wife," writes Edwin E. Sparks in *The Men Who Made the Nation* (Macmillan Company). "Jackson, the young lawyer, crossing the mountains in western Tennessee, took lodging in the side cabin of Mrs. Donelson, who lived with her daughter, Mrs. Robards, in the main cabin.

"The latter, deserted by a jealous husband, appealed to the chivalrous nature of Jackson. Simply upon rumor that the husband had obtained a divorce, he married Mrs. Robards. As a lawyer he should have been more careful. Even the later action of having a legal marriage ceremony after the divorce had really been granted could not amend this carelessness.

"During the election the Adams papers found a rich morsel in this scandal. 'Who is there in the land that would be pleased to see Mrs. Jackson (Mrs. Robards that was) presiding in the drawing-room at Washington? There is *pollution* in the touch, there is *perdition to the example of a profligate woman!*'

"Jackson comforted himself with his coming revenge when this slandered woman should be the first lady in the land. She was not without a certain beauty, but falling short of the present standards by the defects of her border training. She was said to be illiterate and fond of her fireside and pipe. But to Jackson's faithful nature she was the embodiment of attractiveness.

"After his election had been assured, the people of Nashville prepared an elaborate ball for him and Mrs. Jackson before their departure to Washington. At nine o'clock, on the night prior to the reception, Mrs. Jackson died.

"Rumor said that she had overheard a comment on the weight that her past record would be about the neck of her husband, that she returned to the Hermitage in tears one day, and in a week was dead. Her husband sat by her body day and night, unwilling to believe that fate had snatched from his hands the prize, now that it was within his grasp."

POLICEMAN TEACHERS

A NEW rôle for policemen is teaching good citizenship in the public schools. Arthur Woods, the Police Commissioner of New York City, describes the pedagogical work of his cops in the *Red Cross Magazine*. Since two people are killed every day by automobiles in New York City, according to the coroner's books, the main purpose of these lectures is to ask the children to help policemen keep down the number of street accidents.

Hundreds of school children responded to the policemen lecturers. Here is one letter:

What I liked about you was that you talked slow and loud enough to hear. I also liked what you said about officers wanting to be big brothers. I promise you that I will never break the law in any way. I sometimes get those funny notions that boys get in their heads, but when I grow up I will be the kind of citizen the city wants.

Two people are killed every day in New York by these impressive motor cars—so runs the coroner's cheery record.

IS MEXICO ANTI-AMERICAN?

THE first mistaken thought we have about Mexico is that it is a scrawny little country, inhabited by half-breeds clothed in sombreros and pistols; so few of us have cared whether Mexico is anti-American or not. But when John Barrett reminds us in the *Pan-American Union* that Mexico is as large as all of the German Empire, all of France and Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, that it has more than five thousand miles of sea-coast; that under peaceful conditions it will become one of the richest commercial countries in the world on account of its natural resources—the matter seems more important.

"In Mexico I have looked carefully for 'anti-American feeling,' but I have been unable to find it," says Mr. Barrett. "The trouble is that in every country there are sensational editors and professional agitators whose prominence depends on attacking another government. They have plenty of them in Mexico. They are the ones who talk loudest and who misrepresent the purposes of governments and peoples. Before 1911 an American could have traveled in the remotest parts of Mexico as safely as he could have done in any part of America. There were few, if any, evidences of hate among high or low Mexicans or among Mexican employees toward American employers.

"A certain class of Americans, however, were in some degree responsible for anti-American feeling. I refer to those who when in Mexico did things that would not have been tolerated in the United States. Of the same kind were the Americans who obtained concessions for their own benefit without regard to the local government and people. Naturally, such instances were advertised by their enemies.

"Here is another way in which this pseudo-enmity was developed:

"In former times, when great mining and railway concessions were secured by a certain class of Mexicans, there were often associated with them Americans. They had eventually to bear the blame of Mexicans who wished to reform the methods of granting concessions and safeguard the interests of the people. Mexicans may have been more responsible for these monopolies than Americans; but it was the interesting and sensational thing to emphasize the part American capital and men played, and to warn the Mexican people against them.

"It is only just to add that authoritative, responsible Mexicans have repeatedly informed me that thinking Mexicans desire the incoming of worthy Americans, the investment of their capital, and their participation in the reconstruction of Mexico."

WOMEN WHO WON THE NOBEL PRIZE

Madame Curie of France.

The Baroness von Suttner of Austria, the last woman to win the Nobel Prize.

Selma Lagerlof of Sweden.

WE have been taught that man is the creator of all great thought, while woman, with her inferior ability and lack of initiative, is only the conserver of thought.

Julia H. Gulliver, in *Studies in Democracy* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) protests that women are as capable of greatness as men.

Since the Nobel Prize was established in 1901, three women have won it. Madame Curie, a Polish woman, received the prize in physics in 1903 conjointly with her husband. She received it again in chemistry (1911) for what she had done alone. Baroness Bertha von Suttner, an Austrian, received the prize in 1905 for her work in the advancement of peace. And Selma Lagerlof (Swedish) in 1909 in literature.

Since this prize of thirty thousand dollars is given each year to persons who have done most for the benefit of mankind, these facts "ought to give pause in uttering such ultimatums as that of Professor Thorndike." This learned man says from his little lecture platform at Columbia that "the restrictions of woman to mediocre grades of ability and achievement should be reckoned with by our educational system."

OUR WEEKLY LIST OF BOOKS WORTH SENDING FOR

Any of the following books may be secured by sending a money order to the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C.

ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, 1916.
Besides the general report of the Secretary of Agriculture, a separate report is issued by each bureau of the Department. These pamphlets furnish a vivid idea of the immensely important work the Government is doing in every branch of agriculture and subjects related thereto. Free.

CORN GROWING UNDER DROUGHTY CONDITIONS.
Raising corn in regions subject to frequent drought is a risky business, but the risk may be reduced by proper selection of seed and treatment of the soil. Price, 5 cents.

COMMERCIAL HANDLING, GRADING, AND MARKETING OF POTATOES.
Of value to commercial growers and shippers of potatoes. Price, 5 cents.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING FOR PUBLIC SERVICE.
Why should not public officials—federal, State, and local—be properly trained for their duties? They should be, and the universities should help provide the training. Addresses by educators and public officials. Price, 15 cents.

ARTIFICIAL DYESTUFFS USED IN THE UNITED STATES.
The Government has devoted an unprecedented amount of attention to the subject of dyes since the great war curtailed the supply from abroad. This report deals with artificial dyestuffs employed in the textile, paper, ink for leather, paint, and other industries. Price, 30 cents.

SURVEY OF TYPICAL COÖPERATIVE STORES IN THE UNITED STATES.
Points out a partial solution of the problem of reducing the expense of distribution and the resultant high cost of living. Price, 10 cents.

THE SEWAGE POLLUTION OF STREAMS.
A subject of perennial and vital interest. Preventive and remedial measures are suggested. Price, 5 cents.

STUDY THE BUILDINGS IN YOUR TOWN

The Cathedral of St. Louis (modified Byzantine) is the largest and most magnificent church edifice built in modern times. It is now in use, but years must elapse before the elaborate interior decorations can be completed.

"AS you leave your home, look back and see if it is a residence you are proud to live in. Study the building you work in, and try to decide whether it pleases you, and why. Study the streets down which you walk, and note the glow of pleasure or even awe which you feel where some really beautiful building rears its walls. In this way," says Talbot F. Hamlin in *The Enjoyment of Architecture* (Duffield & Company), "you will have opened the great book of architecture."

Mr. Hamlin wants every building in the country to express something. Office buildings should register power and permanence; theaters may add the note of gay abandon; temporary structures for fairs and expositions may be and often are mere "solidified laughter." Incidentally they should keep the rain out and let the light in.

"The ordinary city school-house of thirty years ago was generally an unbeautiful, unhealthy affair, with close, unventilated rooms, dark corridors, and dangerous wooden stairs, a gloomy place where children were herded. The modern school-house is airy and conveniently arranged. For this state of things the architect is directly responsible. It is his pride to surpass the minimum requirements of the law in and popular opinion in convenience, efficiency, sanitation, beauty, and safety. Similarly, during the last twenty years there has been an even greater improvement in housing conditions, for which the architect is responsible. Incidentally, they have given New York the greatest number of bath-rooms per family of any city in the world.

"The tragedy of the slums," maintains Mr. Hamlin, "lies as much in its ugliness as in its crowded and unhealthy conditions. The gaunt and terrible ugliness of the typical American manufacturing town sheds perpetually a subtle, baneful influence upon the life of that town, adding always to class hatreds, turning boys to drink and drugs, and speeding girls into the life where a flashy and temporary luxury burns with false beauty and dies in terrible tragedy."

IS CANCER HEREDITARY?

IF one of my parents or grandparents died of cancer, am I likely to be afflicted with it too?

That question haunts many American minds; for the death rate from cancer in this country is growing higher. In fifteen years it has risen nearly thirty per cent.; in the past decade it has occasioned the death of Americans to the number of the entire population of either Maine or Florida. Has each one of these three quarters of a million people left behind him children predisposed to cancer?

This was the question that Mr. Arthur Hunter, actuary for the New York Life Insurance Company, set out to investigate. His report is published in the *Proceedings* of the tenth annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents.

Mr. Hunter took 488 life insurance applications in which it was stated that one parent had died of cancer, and traced them down. In all this number there were only four cases in which the other parent also died of cancer. Apparently the disease is not readily communicated from one human being to another—is not, in other words, contagious.

Next were taken 118 insurance applications, from six different companies, in which both parents of the applicant had died from cancer. Mr. Hunter investigated the 472 grandparents; also 314 sons and daughters of the 236 parents; also 301 brothers and sisters of the parents. The number of deaths from cancer in each case were as follows:

472 grandparents	2
314 sons and daughters (both parents died of cancer)	0
301 brothers and sisters of parents	9

Comparison of the family histories of an equal number of cancerous and non-cancerous patients by Karl Pearson led to "the conclusion that there was practically no difference between them as to the prevalence of the disease among their relatives.

"It would be rash to state that the low percentage of deaths from cancer among the groups of those with a family history of that disease was an indication of resulting immunity," concludes Mr. Hunter. "On the other hand, the material that has been presented justifies the belief that cancer is not hereditary, and that there is no hereditary predisposition to that disease."

COÖPERATION

"Hi, Bill! Don't come down this ladder; I've took it away."

"Once he blurted out: 'Miss Farnum, honestly, I don't see how you do it. You've just started in business, and yet you seem to grasp it all.'"

Her Own Business

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

ELIZABETH FARNUM'S mother had done her best, as she informed a few of her most intimate friends, "to be reasonable." With unspeakable amazement she had seen her daughter slip her social bonds and madly associate herself with her own business. She had seen Elizabeth—*or*, rather, she had *heard* her—arise at the utterly impossible hour of six-thirty, to walk unattended later to that *absurd* office, actually to engage in conversation on a common footing with *employees*.

At first Mrs. Farnum patiently humored the strange whim. It seemed preferable to some other facts—suffrage picketing, for example. But as time went on, and the young woman seemed actually to be thriving upon this self-abasement, Mrs. Nathan Farnum flung back her head and declared to herself that the folly must end.

Unfortunately, as she had to acknowledge, she didn't know exactly how to end it.

Once, since Elizabeth began to occupy her father's old office, Mrs. Farnum had visited the plant. On that occasion she came down in the car, went up the worn old wooden stairs as if she were stepping on live coals, and entered just as Elizabeth was conferring with the factory superintendent. The excellent lady stood until the superintendent went out. Then, with all the polite sarcasm of which she was capable, Mrs. Farnum remarked, studying Elizabeth's favorite office costume with a blasting eye:

"Positively, my dear, you look like a waitress!"

Whereupon Elizabeth Farnum rushed incontinently upon her mother, kissed her with frantic, laughing kisses, and moved her gently toward the door, saying:

"My darling mother, you mustn't bother Elizabeth while she is at work. Good-by, mother dear! I'm so glad you called!"

The queer part of it was that these two women, who were a million miles distant from each other nowadays in their outward views, loved each other tenderly. The death of the father had brought them closer together than ever before. Honestly, without selfishness, Julia Farnum had planned a glorious future for her girl—a future in which she was willing to play a minor and shaded part. She wanted to see her established. She wanted to see her take the place that was due her as a rich and beautiful young woman, married to a rich and talented man. And the man was clearly in her mind. He was Harvey Bowles, eldest son of a paper manufacturer who had started in business about the same time as Nathan Farnum, and later been the moving spirit in the big merger known as the Paper Trust, and was now its president.

It was not a mere matter of eligibility. The families had always known each other. The children had played together at the sea-shore in the old days, and there was a frank affection between them. Harvey was a frequent visitor at the Farnum home. All things considered, Mrs. Farnum decided that the time had come to act. So one evening, when the mother and daughter were dining alone, Mrs. Farnum opened the campaign.

"Beth dear," she began in her sweetest voice, "don't forget that we are to go down to Lakeview Thursday afternoon. I had a letter from Mrs. Bowles this morning. The Brazilian Ambassador—"

"Oh, I really couldn't think of going, mother," said Elizabeth hastily. "Not this week. Some other time, perhaps."

"But what in earth could prevent you? You must go. Now don't—"

Elizabeth Farnum shook her head. She looked across at her mother, her eyes full of this strange enthusiasm which the older woman couldn't understand.

"Absolutely impossible!" she replied with duality. "Why, mother, I've set Friday as the time for our big conference. Our Mr. Hyatt has completed his plans for the big advertising campaign. We're going to thresh it all out Friday. A month from now, mother, you'll see Escutcheon advertising in all the big magazines. You ought to see the copy Mr. Hyatt has written! Why, mother, it would just make you go down to the stationer's and *plead* for a box of Escutcheon Linen. After this one will be a social nobody if one doesn't write on our paper. Isn't it simply splendid?"

MRS. FARNUM opened her eyes. Her mouth opened, too, in a combination of astonishment and fright, as she looked across the table at her daughter. Then the mouth slowly closed—closed till the lips were tightly compressed, and her eyes showed a gleam of exasperated determination that was rare in them.

"Beth," she said, with metallic emphasis, "really, this is going too far. You know, my dear, I have tried not to interfere with your pleasure—if you think it pleasure to sit down there in that musty office and play at business. But there is reason in everything. Advertising! Good heavens! Aren't we advertised enough, as it is? Doesn't that big electric sign on the plant shout *trade* into our ears—and our friends' ears—every time we pass it? Haven't I been humiliated often enough by having upstarts come smirking up to me and saying, 'Mrs. Farnum, my husband uses your paper in his office'? Why, my dear, I tremble every time I go into strange company, for fear I shall be introduced as Mrs. Escutcheon! You may laugh, my dear, but it's not pleasant to

Continued on page 18

READ THIS: THEN START THE STORY

ELIZABETH FARNUM, on her father's death, not only becomes owner of his business, which is the manufacture of Escutcheon paper in Massachusetts, but is made an officer in the company. On a trip South with her mother, she meets Edwin Hyatt, a young advertising man, who inspires her with the idea of going into her own office and directing the business. Edwin Hyatt returns to his job in Chicago, and one day receives a letter from Miss Farnum inviting him to come to Farnumville and be her advertising manager. Hyatt accepts the offer, and three days later arrives at the factory. Miss Farnum's first act as employer is to introduce him to the general manager, Samuel Rouse. Rouse, who has grown up with the Escutcheon company, and who regards Miss Farnum's business experiment as a fad of which she will soon tire, greets Hyatt coolly; and to Miss Farnum's explanation that she is planning national advertising he gives a grudging acquiescence. In the days that follow Rouse, in an effort to assert his mannership, heaps on Hyatt petty annoyances, which Hyatt tries to take philosophically. Meantime the Paper Trust has made Elizabeth Farnum an attractive offer for the plant. Knowing that her father had resisted the Trust for years before his death, Miss Farnum tells Hyatt that she hopes to follow his example, and begs him to stand by in the pressure she knows the Trust will bring. Hyatt promises; but already he begins to realize something of the suffering this will cause him. For he has fallen in love with Elizabeth Farnum.

OUR GRANDFATHERS SENT THEM ROSES

HERE'S a toast to the women our respected grandfathers loved. Mary Anderson first—whose Juliet made every one of them forget he was fated to be only a grandfather. At the end of her first engagement, lasting one week, Mary Anderson owed her manager $1. But she was only sixteen then, with plenty of time to gain her fame. She became so successful that forty school-girls once forced their way into her dressing-room, in the fire of their enthusiasm; and years after her retirement an offer was made her of $100,000 and a share in receipts, if she would return to the stage.

ADELINA PATTI almost sang the thought of war out of our grandfathers' heads in 1860. For forty years she maintained an unrivaled hold on the public, from the little Czarovitch, who had to be spanked for writing her verses, to the mobs that stormed her New York concerts. Only seven years old when she first appeared on the stage, she called out to the children in the audience that she would play with them when she was through. But generally she had to hustle on to another booking, sleeping on the seats of the train, and supping on bread and cheese, with a glass of water.

Photograph from Kilgour-ex.

THE California miners in the old forty-niner days threw raw gold nuggets at the feet of Lotta; and then they strapped her in her saddle and cheered her on her way to the next camp. It was before the days of tights, and Lotta's ankle, thrust through the curtain and impudently wriggled, was always good for a fury of applause. The daughter of an old English bookseller, she picked up somewhere, as no one else ever did, the trick of the varieties. She made a fortune—the "dramatic cocktail" of the age.

CHRISTINE NILSSON sang so well at a fair in Sweden that a strolling juggler offered her a job at twenty-four shillings a year. She probably did not foresee, on refusing this chance for a career, that the "something better" she wanted would mean $200,000 in one trip to America. And she probably didn't expect her fame to be so great that when she was married at Westminster Abbey the police would be needed to hold back the crush.

"OH, is there not a pretty fuss
In London all around
About the Swedish nightingale,
The talk of all the town—"

When Jenny Lind arrived in New York in 1850, wharves and streets were packed with people. It is said that 30,000 serenaded her at her hotel, headed by a band of 150 and hundreds of red-shirted firemen. At her first concert 5000 crowded into the hall, one man paying $600 for a ticket. In less than a year she amassed $3,000,000.

Photograph from Metro Photoplay Co.

AT Sarah Bernhardt's first appearance in Amsterdam a very skeptical audience broke into hurrahs of praise at the first sound of her famous voice. On her way to a matinee she found the road blocked with women who made her write her name on their cuffs and hurled gifts of jewelry upon her. Once, exhausted by curtain calls, she made her sister wear her hat and pass through the crowds outside as the great actress. Her jewelry was once exhibited in the windows of a St. Louis shop, the proprietor contributing to the collection a gold pipe and a toothpick studded with sapphires.

STRUCK OUT—BU

"TWINKLE, twinkle old-timer" is the way baseball fans now wonder where you are." Back in '83, when somebody was just about getting long pants, we aren't saying who that somebody is, but ask dad, he knows!—back in '83, so we said, Billy Sunday was just about the fastest man that ever trotted around the bases. From '83 to '90 he played with Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Since then he has been "playing on the world's coast." He is under contract to this team for about $100,000 a year as long as his voice holds out

TIME was, in the days of the Baltimore Orioles, when James McGraw was one of the great players of the country. But Jawn wouldn't attempt a complete circuit of the bases to-day for anything. He was in his own billiard parlor manager the New York Giants as a pastime, and once started a brokerage office. But they saw him coming.

FOR years he was known as the most dangerous "lead-off" man in baseball. he was a member of three pennant winning Detroit teams, was Davy Jones. And then he stepped gracefully aside and went into the drug business. He has one of the best stores in Detroit, and he doesn't have to advertise. Players drop in and buy rum and hot-water bags and Epsom Salts and pretend they want all sorts of things for what the matter with 'em—when really all that's the matter with 'em is that they want to find out from Davy who's going to win the pennant

A[illegible] fighting Jew the famous Sl[illegible] Rusie was the great[illegible] supposed to have[illegible] church. And Rus[illegible] fast ones with his [illegible] raving but no cool[illegible] out of his head or [illegible] winter Rugbie pract[illegible] He lost his first game, stealing chickens [illegible] him off if we must [illegible] with the chicken in

ONE player hope has climbed out of the supply field into the cool, comfortable seats of the club owners. Charles Comiskey, the "Old Roman" is the man setting the Chicago White Sox. The players do not dispute Comiskey's judgments—they know he knows. For was he not a famous first-sacker? And before that a pitcher of remorseless speed? In one game, when Dubuque played Burlington, Comiskey hit ten men. The contract provided for a second game next day, but when next day came the Burlington team did not appear. Its members were wrapped in soft raiment and had warm-water bottles at their feet

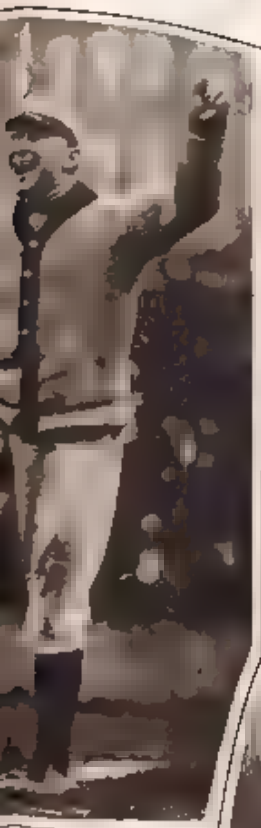
Photograph by Bain & Ad[illegible] N. Y.

YOU don't have to be so old to remember Johnny Kling, the "greatest catcher in baseball." Johnny could throw the ball to second without even straightening up, and with speed enough to sink a submarine. What's become of Johnny Kling? Still young, still happy, still enjoying life, running a billiard parlor in Kansas City and regularly shooting the three ball into the little pocket, and the nickels and quarters and dimes into the cash register

UT NOT FORGOTTEN

"BRING home the cause, boy," Wilbert Robinson used to call to the Oriole pitcher Wilbert was the Orioles catcher he first man behind the bat to keep up a running fire of talk and "bring home the bacon" echoed back to the days when he was a butcher-boy To-day Wilbert manages the Brooklyn team and travels in a seven-passenger car

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood



ellings also was one of Big Four of the Orioles. eat pitchers of those days. the fastest ball ever while stopped one of the s bat They led him off and knew who her he was t just sore at Rustie. In matches saw in Sicramento, , defending a negro for Hughie would have got y people hadn t seen him in his hand.

REMEMBER 1887 don t you the year before the big blizzard of '88? Well, it was in 1887 that the Detroits won the championships. And good old Larry Twitchell was the Detroits star left-hander Larry is a business man in Cleveland now But Saturday afternoons there s no use calling at his house he isn't there He's out on the old back lot with the boys.

OLD Pop Anson, first white child born in Marshalltown, Iowa, the man who batted an average of 337 in 2250 games, still waves in Chicago Politics, vaudeville and literature contribute to his support Pop batted delete. A bartender told him one of his team had ordered champagne and had not paid He didn't know the player's name, but he had a tattooed arm. Pop made the team undress. Out of nine players seven had tattooed arms, so Pop paid the bill himself.

Photograph by the Photographic Press Bureau

BASEBALL is full of wacky anecdotes anecdotes like this, for instance "How are you?" said President Wilson to Cy Young. "Fine, how's yourself?" responded he nimble wit of all players quick as a wink." But there are no anecdotes about Cy Young. He just quietly went on pitching and pitching, year after year Each year they said he was done and out, and each year he came back just as strong More than 500 games he won in major league ball and now he's playing a harder game—running a farm and trying to make it pay.

THERE are very few ball-players who can say, "I was never released." But Charley Bennett can say that. In 1880 he was one of the best catchers in the game and he led all the catchers in batting for more than half the time until 1894. Then the accident happened Charley was mixed up with a railroad train and lost both his legs. To-day he paints china in Detroit and is still happy in spite of everything Most of the ball-players of Charley's time drank and wasted their pay Charley didn't. Which is one reason for the smile in the photograph.

ARTISTS IN SLANG

EVERY day between ten and hi ten million people riding home after he day's work read some helpful, uplifting sentiment like this: "The old-fashione virtues are not out of date. They n never relapse to abandoned estate. And industry pays in repu ation and wealth The same as it did in the days of our fath." As to Walt Mason, he elbow who turns out his stuff. We like him: he's genial and hearty and bluff. Like us, he believes if you can grow fat and rich. Why the dickens should any man eat and grow thin?

Photograph by Paul Thompson

GEORGE ADE was he Columbus of slang, and for many years the sole pro prietor and operator. Here is a sample hat from him: "He was on he waiting li for he Nut Club. Our de Friend was Sorey de wa Pullers. The cove Ba calling swarmed in every place of business. Among many other h ngs Geo ge Ade deser s credit for this sentiment: Give me hutton 'n A s A or W L T L" says he. Every bit of a hutton is of that spe absolutely clean. He he put himself of table when meal is. "There is no place like home, and some men are glad of it." He has never married.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

"HONEST when I think of the statesmen of Lincoln's days and the bosses and underlings of to-day, the only way I can rema cure em is by going ou here by the Washing on Monument and sectin a toothpick up alongside i." Thus spake Congressman "Cyclone" Davis of Texas, the most vitally active of he Lower House. "Cyclone" started Washing on by appearing on his committee rooms hout a collar and announcing that he did not intend to le fashion intolerance his sturdy manhood. But Fortune surrendered. Stronger han he, Fortune, stronger than man's strongest convictions, is the still small voice of "Conscience? No! a wife.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing; from Pat Thompson

THERE are people who think that slang writers write that way because they can't write good stuff. Just to disprove this theory Sewell Ford entered a twist story contest offered by a big magazine a few years ago, and ran away with the prize. He has been writing "Shorty" and "Torchy" stories for eight or ten or eleven years, and boiling them together into a book every once in a while. A few of the books written by him are shown in the picture. He sends us one every Christmas, but has never given us a cigar like he one here photographed. We trust he will read this opinion. We can write books ourselves, but cigars

FIFTH AVENUE has its specia dia ect, so has "Thoid Avenoo" and the boy that knows that dialect as well as Vincent Astor knows the Fifth Avenue brand is Jeff Davis, King of the Hoboes. "Well Judge, I saw he was a stewbum, so I gave him one on the clubby and held him for he harness bull." Which means, of course: "I saw he was drunk and so I clubbed him and held him until the traffic policeman arrived." Jeff

No big fellow in he center o this achieves the goal of all human striving—to be able to live without work. We are going into business with him and teach his method to our readers.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

LAST on his list, usually mee Ring Lardner author of "You know me Al," "Answer me that Edgar," and other well known phrases that will per manently remain he language. Readers who have written us asking us to publish our own portraits will kindly look at Mr. Lardner. We do not look much like him, but he is about our age has about as many children as we, was a li le higher collar a car suit drives the same make of automobile. We have nothing to correspond to the stick pin given Mr. Lardner by the members of the Ladies Literary and Bowling Circle of Halstead Street, but except for hat and a few other details, when you have seen one of us you have seen us both.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

"OH, YES, THAT FILLING IS PERMANENT"

DID the [illegible] and [illegible] new [illegible]ing was permanent? Having said it, did he mean it? If it was gold, either inlay or placed by the old hammer method, he undoubtedly meant it; but if it was cement or silver or anything else he was most probably spoofing you, because he has not yet obtained a supply of the perfect cement that a research laboratory has just concocted.

When the Mellon Institute of the University of Pittsburgh says it has solved a problem, it stays solved; and that laboratory has just announced the perfection of dental cement.

Dr. C. C. Vogt is one of the research students at the Mellon Institute who for several years has had just one problem in life. He has been searching for a cement [illegible] employed [illegible] who outlined the millennium for cavities and took a chance that an expert chemist

Dr. [illegible], student at the University of Pittsburgh, has invented a dental cement that will make the dentist truthful.

[illegible] as gold.

After one year of exhaustive research Dr. Vogt found that he had all those things—but the virtues were deposited in half a dozen different cements instead of in one bonanza. In some way he had put them all together; but, unfortunately, they would not mix and retain all the same good points.

Gradually he brought them together like the parts of a picture puzzle. Strength and looks came first, but the stuff would not stick any better than pure quicksilver. But a pinch of this and a pinch of that finally brought the necessary adhesiveness, and finally produced a non-shrinkable material. Each pinch was measured in chemical symbols, and was as accurate as the weight of a new gold coin.

The resultant cement has more virtues than the manufacturer demanded. It will not [illegible] heat and hence give you a [illegible]; it will not induce electricity as when you touch the filling with your [illegible]-knife; it can be colored to match your particular variety of tooth; it acts as a support for the walls of a tooth as almost no other filling material does, and thus prevents breakdowns.

More than that, it is a silicate cement. The formula is a secret, owned by the company that hired the research chemist.

SEAWEED FIGHTS GERMS

F[illegible] another use for agar-agar that [illegible] product of Japanese seaweed, which has [illegible] and which [illegible] bacteriologist [illegible] for [illegible] germs [illegible]. The new use [illegible] healing [illegible] agar-agar takes [illegible] sponge [illegible] a few [illegible].

[illegible]

The agar-agar [illegible] formed [illegible] form [illegible]. The material has [illegible] of absorbing [illegible] its weight in water [illegible] soaked [illegible] for different kinds of wounds.

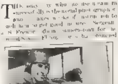
When agar-agar [illegible] is [illegible] placed in the rectangular [illegible] language [illegible].

For deep wounds the agar-agar is placed in any shape of the opening and placed well within the aperture, thus carrying the healing chemicals into the very [illegible].

In practice it has been found that agar-agar is compressible, yet holds tremendous quantities of liquid, is dilatable, elastic, and for these reasons holds its shape and can be made to conform with openings. A great many wounds have been treated [illegible].

SPYING WITH A CAMERA

THE [illegible] who [illegible] successfully is the aerial photographer [illegible]. Sergeant [illegible] S. Fraser [illegible] for the [illegible] developed



Sergeant J. S. Fraser, official cameraman for the United States Flying Corps.

some splendid negatives under difficult conditions.

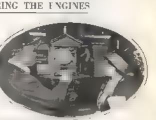
To make a picture from an aeroplane a great many apparently insurmountable obstacles must be overcome. The [illegible] one hundred miles [illegible] ever tried to take a picture [illegible] thinking [illegible] distance at which [illegible] from its subject. Even an [illegible] does not often desire to approach much closer than within a mile up from an anti-aircraft gun for [illegible] photography. For these reasons, the camera in use in this country is equipped with a [illegible] telephoto lens and the fastest shutter made. The lens is also remarkably fast.

WORK FOR VOLCANIC STEAM

ITALY is taking vengeance for the destruction of its ancient city of Pompeii by utilizing the "devil's own" [illegible] for lighting the city of Florence, says *Chambers's Journal*, London.

Bore-holes have been sunk to the depth of 500 feet, where the source of live steam is tapped. The holes are lined with steel pipe from which the vapor issues at an extremely high temperature. This steam is full of corrosive acid and can not be run into boiler tubes or into steam-[illegible] cylinders; so it is used merely as fuel in a specially constructed boiler having aluminum tubes. The [illegible] quickly converted into useful [illegible].

TO BRING THE ENGINES



Is the red box on the corner telephone pole a deep mystery to you and your children? Cincinnati is training citizens how to call the engines.

AFTER [illegible] the new school. They had always wondered what the little red box marked "fire alarm" was for, and they learned.

In order to prove that turning the handle and pulling the hook did something [illegible] constructed to illustrate the interior of a fire house. Each pupil was treated to a run when he turned in his practice alarm. They saw the "joker" fall releasing the horses, the lights flash on, the trap-doors in the ceiling spring open, and the firemen slide down the brass poles. The mystery of the fire-box has been solved.

The school was held as part of an educational campaign during Cincinnati's fire prevention week. Other cities, especially those having a large foreign population, unable to read English and prone to the belief that the fire-box is a mail-box, should follow Cincinnati's example.

BENZOL BECOMES AMERICAN

THE word benzol spells German industrial efficiency to most Americans to-day; but that day is almost done. Benzol is the light oil from which aniline dyes are made, and the lack of it—as well as the lack of men and factories to use it—is the cause of the weak printing inks of to-day, and the pale garments which fashion has been apologizing to women for since dyes stopped crossing the Atlantic.

America is now producing light oil from coal at the rate of forty million gallons a year. Forty benzol plants are in operation; eight more are being constructed. Three large plants are being added to for increased production, and by the end of the year the rate of production will undoubtedly be increased to fifty million gallons, according to *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering*.

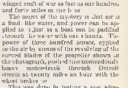
At the close of 1913 there were sixteen plants turning out benzol but their output was used almost exclusively for enriching illuminating gas, and there was no benzol left for other purposes, nor was there a demand for any. America was satisfied with its importations. American captains of industry feared that this by-product of the coke oven would complicate their plants. Now that they are making it, the United States can begin to make its own coal-tar dyes.

PROPELLER POWER

IT is the constant wonder of people that a stick of curved wood can drive an aëroplane a hundred miles an hour or more. We even hear that these whirling blades have pushed and pulled the winged craft of war as fast as one hundred and forty miles in one hour.

The secret of the mystery is that air is a fluid, like water, and power can be applied to it just as a boat can be paddled through the water with one's hands. The power of three hundred horses, applied to the air by means of the revolving of the curved blades of the propeller shown in the photograph, pushed this tremendously heavy motor-truck through Detroit streets at twenty miles an hour with the wheel brakes on.

This was done in testing a new aëroplane motor. The truck weighed two and a half tons.



An aëro propeller drives this two-and-a-half-ton truck at twenty miles an hour for testing purposes.

What Trivial Doubts Can Do to You

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Illustrations by E. Hopper

[illegible] was apply
[illegible] for him

THESE merry lines ought to bring a smile to every face. But also they ought to provide food for serious reflection. The foolish behavior of the centipede is too often matched in human life. There are plenty people who needlessly vex their minds about things of no great importance, to the detriment alike of their happiness, their working ability and their health [illegible] says there are people who behave exactly as the centipede is supposed to have done. There are people in whom the habit of futile doubting and reasoning about trivialties is so extreme as to amount to a veritable disease. This seems incredible to you? Let me tell you a few stories of actual occurrence.

To a neurologist in the city of Washington there came one day a man thirty years of age. There was nothing in his appearance to set him apart from other [illegible]

But this is what he said to the neurologist:

"Doctor, I have come to you as a last [illegible] know what I shall do. I am totally at a [illegible] My mind is so weak I ought to [illegible]

My indecision shows itself the [illegible] get up. Then it occurs to me that perhaps I ought not to get up immediately so I lie down again, wondering just what I ought to do. Not until somebody [illegible] a terrible conflict begins within me as to the clothes I should wear. Every article of my clothing has to be carefully considered. It is as if a problem had to be solved. Sometimes after I am dressed, the thought strikes me that my underwear may be [illegible] thing also in the matter with it.

"Then I have to address and [illegible] fresh underwear which I minutely inspect. Or perhaps it is my shirt that troubles me, or the pattern of my necktie, or the spot I have put on [illegible]

"Always I fear that I have made a mistake in some way. Dressing consumes [illegible]

"Even with help and I people ways have to be helped it is two three hours before I am finally dressed."

Consider also the case of a morbid doubter who was successfully treated by that well known Boston medical psychologist, Doctor Boris Sidis. In this disease symptoms [illegible] Here, somewhat [illegible] of his patient's indulgence in trivial doubts:

"The patient is troubled by a form of *folie de doute*. He is not sure that the addresses on his letters are correctly written, and no matter how many [illegible] not assured that the addresses are correct. Some one else must read them and [illegible] him that they are addressed [illegible]

"When he has to write many letters a sudden fear gets possession of him that he has interchanged the letters and put them into the wrong envelops. He has then to tear open the envelops and look the letters over again and again, to assure himself that they have been put by him into the right [illegible]

"So also in turning out the gas-jet he is [illegible] again, and is often forced to get up from bed to try again whether the gas is really shut off. He lights the gas, then tests the gas-jet with a lighted match to see whether the gas leaks and is really [illegible]

"In closing the door of his room he must try the lock over and over again. He locks the door and then unlocks it again, then locks it once more. Still he is not sure. He then stands attentively so as to get the full assurance that the door has been actually and really locked."

A Serious Hindrance in Business

THIS second illustrative instance brings out vividly the fact that I specially wish to emphasize—the fact namely that at bottom these doubting [illegible] only exaggerations of a [illegible] condition nevertheless. There [illegible] virtually everybody is [illegible] he doubts regarding matters that [illegible]

Moreover while comparatively few people feel the need of going to a physician to be cured of abnormal doubting there are many others who might advantageously seek the specialist's aid. People often are blind to their great weakness in this respect though their friends may [illegible] easily spot it. [illegible] or small expenditures accounts simply for [illegible] inability to make headway in the [illegible] patient. If in less degree there are people to whom the choice of clothing presents a prodigious problem. To others the choice of foods is a never-ending puzzle. At every meal they find themselves sadly at a loss to decide what they shall eat. Others again [illegible] of the young [illegible] and mishaps in connection with [illegible] ing and mailing of letters, the opening or shutting of doors and windows, the carrying of umbrellas, etc. "Also there are doubters of a kind well described by a physician who has made a special study of abnormal doubting.

"There are people who doubt whether their friends really think anything of them. They think that though they treat them courteously this may be only common politeness, and they may really resent their wasting their time when they call on them. They hesitate to ask those people to do things for them though over and over again the friends may have shown their willingness, and above all, by asking favors of them in turn may have shown that they were quite willing to put themselves under obligations.

"They doubt about [illegible] They wonder who [illegible] not be doing more harm than good, though they have investigated the cases or have had them investigated, and the objects of their charity may have been proved to be quite deserving. They hesitate about the acquisition of new friends, and doubt whether they should give them any confidence, and whether the confidences they have received from them are not unduly [illegible]

To Doubt Is to Waste Energy

HENCE, manifestly, we find a state of affairs not only breeding unhappiness, but involving a vast waste of nervous energy. This it is that chiefly makes for yielding to trivial doubts a menace to human welfare. To conserve energy for purposes we are so constituted that the little acts of every-day life [illegible] or business details of a routine are done by us automatically. We take it for granted that we do them correctly, and usually we so do them. If now we make a mistake, we think little about it. Rightly, we regard it as of no account compared with those [illegible] of more importance. Thus we conserve our energy for our life-work. Whereas the doubter about trivialities fritters his [illegible]

Whence, then, arises the cost ly habit of doubting about trivialities? Still more important, if man becomes victims of a disabling habit, how may they overcome it? To answer these questions, it will be helpful to turn once more to the cases of two morbid doubters who consulted the Washington and Boston specialists.

In both of these cases psychological analysis was undertaken to ascertain the causes of the exaggerated tendency to doubt. In both it was found that the [illegible] tive of a profound distrust of self. This was particularly true in the Washington case. The patient in this case was the only son of parents whose love had led them to be over-solicitous about him. When he was a little fellow [illegible] his whole [illegible] thought that he should ever have been caught to do for himself and, when he did attempt to do things for himself, they intervened to help him.

The result was an enfeebling of his consciousness of [illegible] I. The man grew up without initiative. Peo always done things [illegible] always decided [illegible] ings for him. How could any one expect him to decide anything for himself? It was not that he was naturally weak-minded, weak-willed; it was that his training had engendered in him conditions making for mental confusion and instability [illegible] nese.

Such was the [illegible] of the neurologist's psychological study of his case. [illegible] held the possibilities of a cure [illegible] "psychic re-education," having as a starting point the emancipation of this child of thirty from slavish dependence on his parents [illegible] y two years of patient effort a cure was actually effected [illegible]

over-attention. On the opposite, they had not given enough thought to the importance of the [illegible] trol, the need for which was particularly indicated in his early childhood [illegible] timidness and sensitiveness [illegible] dren. Liking to read, he [illegible] fond of a type of fairy [illegible] now known by medical psychologists to be [illegible] ingly upsetting and weakening to a [illegible] sensitive children by reason of the gory elements it [illegible] His special need for training [illegible] trol of his emotions was further pointed by the violence of his reactions to happenings of a disturbing nature. Once for instance, when he observed a deformed, paralyzed man, he fainted.

This should have been sufficient warning to his parents that they [illegible] every effort to stiffen his character and [illegible] master of fact, they exposed his [illegible] dations that would have been [illegible] any child. During his early years he was thrown much into the company of an old grandfather afflicted with senility, among them the doubting mania in an extreme form. Also he was allowed to witness the death agonies of several relatives.

Distrust of Self

ALL this was bound to leave [illegible] imprint on his mind and his [illegible] system, filling him with [illegible] to life in general and, in particular, as to his own ability to live successfully. It was impossible for him to escape the knowledge that he did not endure the difficulties and unpleasant as well as other children did. And, with his keen [illegible] trust of self [illegible] firm hold of [illegible]

Nevertheless, he contrived to get [illegible] passably until he entered college. He [illegible] ors and a little "queer" but not marked ly so. When, however, he found it necessary to study unusually hard for some examinations, a [illegible] breakdown ensued. Various disease symptoms, physical and mental, developed in him [illegible]

"The minute I got up, a terrible conflict began within me as to the clothes I should wear

How a Failure at Sixty Won Sudden Success

From Poverty to $40,000 a Year—
A Lesson for Old and Young Alike

By R. D. RAINES

One is that of a man who was $8,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating, and today is earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, efficiency expert for the great Studebaker Corporation, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $10,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. J. Ferguson, reading in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a comparatively short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices, nervousness—has transformed unhappy, unsuccessful people into dominant

[illegible] ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world

[illegible] that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just

[illegible] may do so, without sending any money, if, after five days, you do not feel that this

[illegible] readers will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk.

[illegible] prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska, Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, General Manager Christenson, of Wells-Fargo, Arthur Capper of [illegible] others equally [illegible]

[illegible] The Person Publishing Company, [illegible] Dorix Block, Meriden, Conn. [illegible] book will come by return mail, not may mean the turning point of

---

[illegible] Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" on your risk. I will remail the book in five days or send you $2 in payment for it.

Name [illegible]

[illegible] daily fretting and doubting about things of small significance. In his case, that is to say, faulty [illegible] ing in childhood had laid the foundation for a psychic weakness, to be fully developed, of which a physical condition—[illegible] had acted as the immediate

[illegible] Mind

NOW, in most cases of morbid doubting that have been thoroughly analyzed, mental troubles have similarly apparent. There may be [illegible] a constitutional tendency to nervous troubles. But the parents have not appreciated this. Or, if they have appreciated it, they have failed to offset it by

They conjure up [illegible] possible mistakes in connection with the carrying of an umbrella."

[illegible] pupil a rifle to take exercise daily

[illegible] and sleeping quarters are well ve[illegible]

[illegible] of men, is frequently a resultant of deprivation of fresh air. To reach decisions, to settle doubts quickly, a well nourished [illegible] in it is well supplied with oxygen. For the same reason, he needs an abundance of [illegible]

[illegible] his power of concentrating attention on some serious life interest.

[illegible] is what [illegible] must do—

[illegible] while—his work, a useful hobby, occupation of some sort—an interest so intense that it will take him completely out of himself.

What the Doubter Needs Most

THE [illegible]rival doubter—the doubter of [illegible] void of a keen life interest. If [illegible] interest were present, there would [illegible] many useless doubting. If you, my reader, recognize in yourself one of the doubting kind, you will appreciate the truth of this. You will [illegible]p you from being too occupied with thoughts of self.

Developing such an interest self-consciousness will diminish.

Self-confidence will grow. Gradually less and less attention will be paid to the petty details of daily existence that formerly gave so much concern. They will be pushed more and more into the background of the mind.

[illegible] failed—and this is of the utmost importance—to externalize the personal [illegible] organic brain disease is responsible—it is possible to effect a cure.

As has been said, both of these patients were cured, and their cases may be regarded as fairly typical of this variety of [illegible] contributes to the growth of a tendency

[illegible] intended they should be managed. No longer will your indecision be a source of pitying, perhaps amused, comment by [illegible] friends. Instead they will have occasion to remark, with pleased surprise, [illegible] all things that has taken the place of the old indecision.

One word more:

If you are a parent, bear in mind particularly the histories of the two unfortunate young men of Washington and [illegible] Be careful not to make the mistakes parents made. Study your [illegible] Develop in them emotional control [illegible] around them. Keep them from becoming morbidly self-centered. Do not let them become too dependent on you, but at an early age foster in them the spirit of initiative.

Remember always the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of [illegible]

Another article in this personal efficiency [illegible] "Do You Really Use Your Eyes?"

"What I Did When I Lost My Job"

WE [illegible] subject "What I Did When I Lost My Job."

Also regular magazine rates for any other letters good enough [illegible]

The [illegible]rs will be judged for [illegible] interest and helpfulness to other [illegible]

[illegible] a stepping-stone toward better things.

All letters must be in our hands by May 1. They will not be acknowledged or returned. If you want to save your letter, make a copy.

Your name will not be published; open your heart and tell anything and everything that might help somebody else.

Address BRUCE BARTON, Editor, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

[illegible] of life—by giving up poor jobs for better ones, by preserving their health and strength, and by retaining their manhood and independence all through the struggle. There is a new secret and one well worth learning.

Our story is about one who learned [illegible] of these young ideas. If you could have met him in the summer of 1915 [illegible] forty years he had been true to the old creed: hard work, long hours, patience, faithfulness, and economy [illegible] he would save a few dollars only to [illegible] of these in his family.

And his reward? It came at sixty when he was thrown out of employment onto the scrap-heap.

His old-fashioned rules [illegible] had failed to work. "What [illegible] them or with him?

He reviewed, one by one, the careers of his old business associates who had [illegible]pered. A suspicion entered his mind. He [illegible] who were forging rapidly to the front. Suspicion became conviction. In one respect all these men were identically alike. The climbing youngsters and the [illegible] plodders were strong-willed fellows [illegible] determined purpose. It was almost amusing, [illegible] to get out of the way of these men whenever they set out to accomplish any purpose.

Slowly the full truth came to him. Success was not a matter of age. It was not luck. It was not even a matter of opportunity. It was simply a question of dominating will power—determination that brooks no interference, commands respect, and easily [illegible] all obstacles.

Somewhere, lying dormant within him [illegible] know it. He would uncover it. He would exercise and train it and put it to work.

For a long time he had believed he could make a success in a certain line of manufacturing. He had some new ideas about it. But he had never been bold enough [illegible] mention his thoughts to others. Now he [illegible] of begging a small loan with which to pay his rent, he presented and explained his plans [illegible]

Friends' first response was to smile. But as they listened they were struck by a new note in the old [illegible]

[illegible] plant. Three days later his little factory [illegible]tion. In three months he repaid every penny of the loan and at the end of one year his books showed profits of $30,000, and his second year's operations [illegible]

[illegible] studying the [illegible] cases of any of our [illegible] money makers.

Interesting and inspiring are several cases that have come to my personal attention because the same methods are open to [illegible] all no matter how young or how old we may be.

Her Own Business

Continued from page 19

have a trade-mark attached to one like a number on the back of a football player. Advertising? No, no! It must stop—and

The cheeks of the young woman burned. Often as her mother had hinted these things, she had never come out in the open before. Elizabeth felt as if she had [illegible] with enough self-control.

"Surely mother you're not ashamed of the business that father's brains and energy built up?"

Mrs. Farnum was on thin ice. She hesitated a moment before she answered. "My dear Bess," she said finally, "you don't understand. While your father was alive I was content. If anybody had said these things then, I should have given them short shrift indeed. [illegible] to be honest [illegible] but now, dear, it has been done. We have a right to retire from [illegible] decently and take our places in society—or—you know what I mean. You owe it to yourself, Elizabeth, to accept this tremendous offer from the Trust. Eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Just think of it!"

"I shall not accept it, mother!" was the impulsive cry. "Father wouldn't have sold to them, and I shan't."

"You owe it to the man you will marry [illegible] marriage. I say. Bess—"

"Is a decent fellow. I wonder that he is so clean and generous and kind, mother considering that he has never done an honest day's work in his life. Let him go to work and prove himself a man instead of a snob, and then I may consider him. Why, the way I feel now, mother, I'd rather marry a carpenter."

"Bess, Farnum—"

"Well, there have been some great carpenters. But seriously, mother, I'm not thinking of marriage; I'm thinking of work. I love it. It's so clean and interesting. Father was happy at his work. I want to be happy. I want you to be happy, mother. Can't we both be—each in our own way?"

The young woman had risen, gone to her mother's side, and put her arms around her neck.

The older woman tried to disengage herself. It was manifestly impossible to be stern and unbending so long as this position was maintained. But Elizabeth clung tightly. Then Mrs. Farnum felt a drop of water trickle down her own cheek. She was sure she was not crying, so it must be Elizabeth.

"At your age, my dear," expostulated the mother.

"It's silly, isn't it?" was the response. "I never used to cry. Somehow to-day [illegible] I think it must be [illegible] than I ever was before."

There was only one remark left to Mrs. Farnum.

"My dear," she said, "try to be reasonable. Think of what you owe to yourself."

"I will think of [illegible]," promised Elizabeth.

BUT if Mrs. Farnum had allowed herself to be cajoled for the moment, she had no intention of dropping the matter.

As the daughter of a wealthy man, she had brought to Nathan Farnum loyalty and love and culture; and, indeed, had been a good fit for [illegible] desired matter-of-fact man. But, now that she was alone with her daughter, Julia Farnum's mind automatically went back to the world from which she had come—a world in which young women did not work in offices, in which the best people did not talk business in the boudoir, and in which nobody lived in a place like Farnumville any longer than was absolutely necessary.

[illegible] of her pretended ignorance and real dislike of the business of her daughter, Mrs. Farnum must have had [illegible] if he [illegible] the plant. For in some way she knew that the general manager's nose was out of joint, and she knew that a young man named Hyatt had come to loom large in her daughter's affairs.

Now Elizabeth's mother wanted to know more. And she picked her source of information with the skill of a diplomat. Ten minutes after Elizabeth had left the house, Mrs. Farnum rang up the plant, got Jones on the elephone, and asked him to come and see her.

[illegible] Farnum [illegible] manager had been a fixture in the Farnum house only a few times. The plain truth was that Mrs. Farnum did not like him. But of his fitness was happily ignorant. When the telephone call came, he dropped everything that rushed to the dressing-room to see if he was well ordered, and pounded up the road with a fast beating heart.

MRS. FARNUM received him [illegible] Mr. Jones, [illegible] have come. I am going to take you into my confidence, and I feel sure you'll not abuse it. My daughter's [illegible] working at [illegible] she made me very unhappy. It is not [illegible] and it is not sensible for her to [illegible] such work. I have told her so [illegible]

She certainly has a mind of her own," said Jones, rubbing his hands in frank admiration, even though he was hurt by [illegible].

Mrs. Farnum looked upon the manager with a frosty eye.

"A mind of one's own is not invariably an asset in social intercourse," she replied [illegible].

Mrs. Farnum, not at the least interested in Jones's private affairs, gasped.

"What is there, sir, between this man Hyatt and my daugh[illegible]?"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Farnum," choked out Jones. "I didn't insinuate that there is any per[illegible] anything like that [illegible] one of his ideas [illegible] business if he has his way, mark my word! She plans to spend a hundred thousand dollars in advertising."

"Advertising! Ugh! I knew it, Mr. Jones, his is very distressing. It is quite distressing to me. Is there no way [illegible] or—assist me in making Elizabeth see the folly of it all?"

Jones felt that his opportunity had come. He folded his hands judicially.

"Mrs. Farnum," he began, "there is a way. There is a way to show Miss Farnum that she had better dispose of the property at the handsome figure the Trust is offering. But—frankly, I have to look out for myself. If the plants should be sold, I would be walking the streets, wouldn't I?"

"But the Trust would probably retain [illegible] position."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Farnum. I could [illegible] them with the semblance of authority [illegible] would make terms, and advantageous [illegible]. But if I could go to them and say, 'Gentlemen, while I do not represent Miss Farnum, I do speak with the knowledge and permission of her mother. I should feel free to so.'

"I don't quite see your point," said Julia Farnum warily.

"The point is, I can get rid of Hyatt [illegible]."

A Bookkeeper's $1 Idea

I WORK in an office where I have access to an adding-machine. During part of my lunch hour and after my regular working hours I have been able to earn quite a little extra money by adding the account-books of butchers and grocers on this machine.

These are the small books which the merchants issue to their customers and in which they mark the purchases of the customers from day to day as purchases are made.

At certain periods, usually at the [illegible] month, the books are collected to be added. This is quite a task for a merchant who does not have an adding-machine and who, perhaps, is not very accurate in adding, so it is usually a [illegible] per cents each for adding these books by machine.

Besides the little saved, he is also spared the worry of having made mistakes in his figures.

When I have enough books to keep me busy I can earn $1 in about two hours of spare time.

J. J. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

No, indeed! I should say not," agreed Rouss lustily.

"I am going to speak very abruptly and very clearly, Mr. Rouss. I suppose [illegible] he [illegible] versa. Papers [illegible] Miss [illegible] Well then, I [illegible], I have strongly urged [illegible] it is for her interest to [illegible] I wish her to. There are many [illegible] Miss Farnum clings to her no[illegible] as her father would not wish her [illegible]. It is true, my late husband refused several offers for his business. But the situation is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this is [illegible] reason—or at least that [illegible] Can you think of [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Farnum. I don't know as it [illegible]

"Well," said Rouss, "the plain truth is, Mrs. Farnum, that your daughter would never have come to work at the plant if it had not been for Hyatt. He filled her head with these notions—and I tell you further that he is the one who is prompting her not to sell to the Trust. I know it. I tell you further," went on the manager, his voice trembling as he [illegible] wrongs that had been stifled in his soul, "that Hyatt is in the saddle over there at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and Miss Farnum [illegible] Mr. Farnum to have an outsider come in [illegible] and gradually bring Miss Farnum to see that she should sell—if I have your *silent approval*."

"Then do so! Do so at once," said the mother, with relief.

"At once—[illegible] that's impossible. It might take [illegible] it might take [illegible] longer [illegible]

[illegible] and I shall be a [illegible] named Mrs. Farnum. "You must do better than that. But go ahead."

ROUSS coughed slightly. So far everything was running in oil. He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

or went out into their paper. It is—like the rustle of starched linen.

I shouted Hyatt, jumping to Rouse. "You've said it, Miss Farnum. What a name. Let me write it down and see how it looks. 'The aristocratic rustle of Escutcheon.' Wait a minute—let me put it in Roman capitals: THE ARISTOCRAT

hear it? I can. 'The paper of Big Business

"No-o," she objected, after a first ecstatic "Ne-e-e." "That's a little bit artificial, I think."

"You're right. It [illegible] with the cheerfulness of an advertiser who has taken the wrong road and likes the fun of travel

"That's the very ideal paper you want to know."

So they worked it out together. She was never more splendid than when she sat, her chin buried in the palm of a hand, her eyebrows knitted, her breath coming fast, the tips of her white teeth just showing between the half-shut lips. And Hyatt would gaze at her for a moment, and then guiltily turn his head away, and a queer feeling would come in his throat.

There was a little tinge of bitterness in his laughter at those moments. He could [illegible] minds could interplay, give and take—he could be close [illegible]. And yet, he could never even tell her that she was the most marvelous [illegible] way to her even those innocent and pleasing things that he could have said to her if—if his father had been a successful manufacturer

[illegible] the impression that he could [illegible]

Miss Farnum, honestly I don't see how you do it! You have just started in business, and yet you seem to grasp it all in the larger aspects. Sometimes I feel like thanking you for just letting me sit and watch your mind play over these [illegible]

"Thanks [illegible]," she said, with a grateful glance that made him wince unfortably. "do you know what you have done for me? Do you realize that you rescued me from a Slough of Despond and [illegible] of the happiest beings in [illegible] realize that it is you [illegible] to make [illegible] you've put into my mind? Paying me a salary! [illegible] say it. Paying you a [illegible] I'm glad, though, I began [illegible] I want an order about your—your—oh, goodness [illegible] shall I say? Your—profits. That's it. I want you to share in the good things that come from this advertising [illegible]

SUDDENLY Hyatt felt suddenly ashamed. He had dreaded this moment. From the moment he knew that he loved Elizabeth Farnum he hated the idea of their relationship of employer and employe.

"I can talk about [illegible] show. "I don't [illegible]

"It isn't pleasant for me, either," she reminded him with just a tiny reproach as she went to the window and looked [illegible]

[illegible] said. "I've got to get out of here [illegible] the very last time we work [illegible]

As they were leaving the office, he said:

"I shall have to ask you to walk home with me. And let [illegible]

"No. They are both dead," he replied. "Ah, it is the great leveler, isn't it?" To lose [illegible] is the thing that [illegible] us reach out for understanding. That's what makes money and success [illegible]

[illegible] that made me—think

[illegible] highest for me—highest in sympathy and understanding and success at life. Perhaps there is somebody back [illegible] who means this to you. I know [illegible]

[illegible] a lump in his throat.

He left her at the corner of her street. They shook hands [illegible]. For a few minutes Hyatt felt depressed [illegible] ashed his selfishness, as he [illegible] ll work for her [illegible] Then [illegible] to walk away with my head up.

ESCUTCHEON advertising went straight to the center of the target [illegible] Hyatt and Elizabeth Farnum's faith that it would. In a day when advertising was an infinite blundering experiment, but a real graphic art, this [illegible] been campaign made a stir. The first heartening word from the outside world was a telegram to Hyatt from his old Chicago employers. It read:

[illegible] Hyatt knew to have been written jocularly. But he realized that there was a deal of truth lying back of it. He wired back:

[illegible] whom he was utterly unacquainted came [illegible]

[illegible] copy? It speaks with the voice [illegible] Hereafter we use Escutcheon [illegible]

But it had to do more than effect the praise of the advertising craft. It had to get home to the user of high-grade paper. The other verdict—the voice of the very rich—did not come so readily out of [illegible]. By Buse [illegible] the advertising pages to their purchasing [illegible]

[illegible] good advertising should work—and so the Escutcheon advertising worked [illegible] influence of [illegible]

[illegible] brought [illegible]

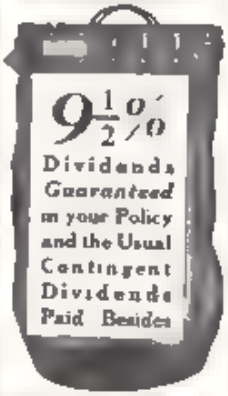
And then—the distribution promptly fell down. In the midst of a rush of orders [illegible] back on the merchants of the plans, covertly sneering, openly [illegible] twardly professing his willingness to do his part by holding plenty of Escutcheon in readiness for the public—actually doing nothing. [illegible]

For the [illegible] Rouse had given him absolute assurance that the distribution was to be taken care of. Nobody but Rouse [illegible] But when [illegible] mostly doubled the [illegible] thing, the manager was simply riding on his [illegible]

"Life Insurance Without Agents is a Distinct Public Service"

Postal Life Method Sanctioned by the United States Supreme Court

Timely Talk on a Vital Subject



That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Rickhard take policies with the Postal and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance while those like lawyer Roberts who are first write out of necessity, as [illegible] And they are safe money by taking a Postal Policy and they do it.

Find Out What *You* Can Save

[illegible]

Your full name [illegible] Your occupation [illegible]
The exact date of your birth [illegible]

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue, cor. 43d St., New York

New Postal Life Building

Cash!
CASH!
CASH FOR YOU!

H[illegible] waiting for you, and lots of it. And it is to be given [illegible] your spare time. Do you remember that half-day last week that you [illegible] unpardonably trying to find something to do? It was worth several dollars [illegible] to you, if you had only known it.

Hundreds of men and women are using their spare minutes and making them pay them well. You can introduce EVERY WEEK among [illegible] and [illegible] and make from $4.00 to $10.00 a month in addition to your regular earnings—and it is spare time work. *Write NOW to*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 22-A
EVERY WEEK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

"You Get The Job"

"We've been watching you young man. We know you're made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions. You're getting your promotion on what you know, and I wish we had ..."

The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it.* He's watching you now, hoping you'll be ready when the opportunity comes.

The thing for you to do is to start today and train yourself to do something better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training.

The down step these men took was to mark and mail the coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

I. C. S. Box 4460, Scranton, Pa.

Without obligating me, please explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4460, SCRANTON, PA.

Name ...
Present Occupation ...
Street and No. ...
City ... State ...

Let Me Quote You a Special Price On My Rapid Fireless Cooker

Earn $3000 to $10000 Annually
BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Ornamental Fence

10c a Day
WURLITZER

Write Today

losing the very high tide of the results of their campaign. There was a brief session in Elizabeth Farnum's office. Three persons were present—Hyatt, Rouss and Miss Farnum. There was a high wind outside that morning, but it was a zephyr compared with the gale in the office.

The general manager, half defiant, half apologetic, admitted that the campaign had been too soon. He had not had time to get ready. He protested that it had not been kept informed. He even ventured to remark that the whole plant had shown a disposition to lead ever since Miss Farnum had come into the office—assuming that, with a woman at the head of the business, the old standards of efficiency had automatically been relaxed.

This was more than even the customary ... of Elizabeth Farnum could stand.

... in the first hard tones ... from her lips.

"Mr. Rouss, I never want to hear such an intention such a thing again. If the discipline of the force has been relaxed, I hold you, not myself, responsible. If the word has been passed that I am here in my office as a pastime or a prank, then it is your duty to correct that illusion at once. I am bitterly disappointed—I am more disappointed than I can say. But it's no use to speak of what's past. I want the trade supplied with Excelsheon and just as soon as humanly possible. You will run nights, if necessary."

"Night work in time and a half," objected Rouss.

"No matter if it is three times. It is my order. Please understand it, Mr. Rouss."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the astounded ... looked a bit wild, now himself. Not even Nathan Farnum had ever issued an order to him as cuttingly as this. At the door he fixed on unsuspecting ... on Hyatt. Then he said weakly:

"Is there anything else?"

"There is nothing else," replied the ...

Rouss gone Elizabeth turned to Hyatt and said:

"I am so sorry, Mr. Hyatt, for you."

"For me? Why for me? I'm not sorry for myself. I'm just clean mad," growled Hyatt. "I wasn't doing this for myself ... was doing it for the company. So ...

It was the first time she had seen him angry. It acted as a sedative on her own emotions. After a moment she began to smile, and then she went on:

"We're both angry, Mr. Hyatt. That won't do. That doesn't make for efficiency, does it? I—to tell the truth, rather like to see you that way. You're usually so good-natured ... had wondered ... fighting mad. You ma... be, for a moment, you... Mr. Rouss and our ... force, too."

Hyatt, in spite of himself, began to laugh. Some people have a way of ... ing anger look ridiculous, and Elizabeth Farnum was one of them. The storm of the moment over they both brightened. But as Hyatt was ... called him back and said:

"After all, his ... ericus side. Mr. ... biographies partly a ... mostly because the ... Hyatt for it. I think I'd like to have you visit every one of our distributors and meet every one of our salesmen. It will be a two months' trip at least. Will you ...

"But I'm not a salesman; I don't know that I have that kind of ability," gasped Hyatt.

"You will have by the time you get back," was the confident reply. "Now, let me tell you my plans."

IT was not as a salesman that Hyatt went out, wonderingly, from Farnum-... his copy had started. If he had started out with the necessity for selling hanging ... him probably he would have failed. But, unhampered by that necessity, he found himself actually, if indirectly, selling Excelsheon. He believed in this wonderfully fine product, head and soul. He ... how was made from rags to ... backed now by a steady and ample flow of supplies from the mills, he was able to say, as he started for home seven weeks later: "I believe I could sell a little after all!"

AS he started for home, a strange feeling—as if he were going back on all that meant anything to him on this earth ... him as he stepped into a Pa... at the Grand Central ... with a bunch of ... his arm. He was going home. And suddenly there rushed through his head a torrent of images, fast flying pictures, of ... office, the mills, that street where he ... for the last night they stayed late at the office. And there she was sitting in her office and he was there, and she was looking at him with humor bubbling from those glorious eyes, and saying: "We mustn't both be angry, Mr. Hyatt—"

"Perhaps," thought Hyatt grimly, "it would be better if I wasn't going back at all. What chance—have I?"

At the same time, he observed that the train was moving more slowly than any ... he had ever before traveled on. Hyatt missed connections at Springhaven with the train that went up to Farnumville. Rather than wait three hours, he took a trolley car that would carry him to a point four miles ... of Farnumville. He knew that he could ... this to a point where, by crossing a foot-bridge, he would come out at the back end of Number 2 mill.

As he crossed this foot-bridge, filled with the zest of walking and glowing with ideas that had swarmed to him on the way, Hyatt stopped short and de... He couldn't ... at first what was not some... was lacking. He crossed the bridge ... The big mill was silent—"The wheels weren't moving! He pulled out his watch. Half-past four ... would be working. He looked up at the windows. There was no sign of life.

At the rear end of Number 1 mill ... a key ... in with ... through the ... was no ... of life. He went through the rag-room gleaming with upright knives where the rags were sliced, through the room in which the big white vats lay yawning for the lime solution. The rooms were empty.

The enormous tanks of "half stuff," like showy clotted milk, looked up at Hyatt just as the engines had left it when ... surface of the gutter of ... and noticed that the grippers that took the cut sheets from the end of the machine were poised at an angle, with a sheet still clinging to them.

HYATT shivered. His own footsteps ... a warning, melancholy message in his brain. Something was the matter! The plants should be running. He wondered ... chance of that—the newspaper in his hand told him. He looked around. A ... bottle fly was buzzing at a window ... should have been open. He felt as if he were resting on the bosom of a sick ...

At the entrance to the factory from the ... a double metal fire-door ... of typewriters the grinded him informed ... stopping at his room only long enough to throw his hat upon the desk, Hyatt went swiftly down to Miss Farnum's office, and knocked. He felt drawn to the door at the fear that she wouldn't be there. But she was. He heard her voice—life-saving, it sounded to him. Then he was ...

"I came through the factory," he panted. "What's the matter?"

Elizabeth Farnum looked at him with a smile that was not like her smile. It reflected disappointment, anxiety, and faint struggling hope. She rose, came over to him, and said:

"I'm so glad to see you back again. I—need you. We have a strike on our hands."

To be continued next week

They Love Us—They Love Us Not

We Are Going to Be Hung

Dear Editor:

... three copies of your editorial on breathing, when you come to Washington you will find them hanging framed in a university, a bankers' club, and a school.

C. W. O'L., Washington, D. C.

Us for Posterity

Just a word in appreciation of "The Speed of Kings." I have read many stories each year, but have never enjoyed one so much. When 1917 is completed I shall assuredly have a bound volume of EVERY WEEK ...

E. L. H. U. ...

Ask 3517—He Knows

Dear Editor:

An old growler of a mail-carrier who packs along three hundred copies of EVERY WEEK every week on his district ... so hand you a knock. The ... men-ups and kids fight for to my route is EVERY WEEK.

... man laugh and feel cheerful because he knows it's going to make the folks on the district just a little more ... magazine without "fame," just real Amer... ed for and snappy to-the-point editorials. EVERY WEEK. If ever a magazine showed well balanced literary cuts and ... WEEK. More success to you!

(Circular 33)

To "the Man Who Wants to Walk Upright"

Dear Sir:

We have your letter with its inclosures ... as we might talk things over?

THE EDITOR.

Thrills for Everybody

Dear Editor:

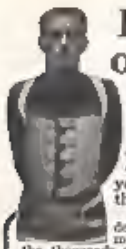
When you get letters from big, influential men telling you how good your magazine is, I suppose you get a thrill. Well it gives me—an $18-a-week ... much of a thrill to ... and tell you that I ... from ...

... Brooklyn, N. Y.

Votes for Fathers

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the article, "How It Feels to Be a Father." ... know that there are men like that in the world who so glorify parenthood. Ma... and ...



Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 25,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over fifteen years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers this method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in your own case.

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weaklings or the afflicted spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Booklet and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

FORD AUTO GIVEN TO AGENTS

Here's an opportunity to earn big money—$6 to $12 a day, with easy work, all your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straightout from the shoulder business proposition. No "string" or guessing contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous KANOL Pure Food Products, Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors in tubes, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes and Soaps; 250 other light weight household necessities.

MAKE $60 A WEEK EASY.

No experience necessary—we teach you how, give you the right start and help you make a success. Absolutely no limit to your earning power. We can tell only a certain number of General Agents so get in touch with us at once.

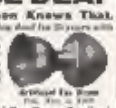
We furnish our representatives with a free automobile.

Write quick for particulars and money making offer.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.



GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
33 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

$300 A DAY

by the number of letters we sell on our

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriters

Our liberal offer of genuine factory rebuilts Model 5's is backed by many years' use of this modern writing machine. May we send you the details? Easy Payments. 30 Days' Trial.

Write today.

Desk T-417, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED! Will pay $10 to $750 for certain $2.50 gold pieces dated before 1909. We want and offer cash premiums for all rare dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, cents, paper money and stamps. Send to-day. Get our Large Coin Circular. $1 BUREAU 1153, Desk 8, Fort Worth, Texas

I will pay you $10.00 a month for your spare time.

YOU can use the time that you "kill" now and make money in a big way introducing Every Week, Woman's Home Companion and The American Magazine among your friends and neighbors.

Write to Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 21-A.

Crowell Publishing Co.,
381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Why Not Raise Your Own Salary?

By DONALD A. KAHN

J. B. BLANK, the owner of a chain of retail grocery stores, happened one evening to be passing his Twenty-third Street branch store, in New York, just as the clerks were carrying indoors the sidewalk display of fruits and vegetables. He stopped to watch his men at their work. After the last basket had been carried into the store, a new clerk, who did not yet know the owner by sight, came down to the curb near where he was standing and picked up a potato that had rolled out of one of the baskets.

If you have a dread of promotion, Faithful Employee, don't let the Chief discover that you are pro-thrift.

Making inquiry, some time later, of the branch manager of this store, the proprietor learned that this new clerk seemed to possess a "mania" for eliminating waste. He "persisted," the branch manager complained, in saving the twine and heavy wrapping paper that came around shipments, and in using this second-hand material on outgoing orders. Also, the disgruntled manager confided, this new clerk was such a "fool" on the subject of thrift that he even picked out canned goods with soiled or torn labels when buying supplies for his own use.

Mr. Blank said nothing in regard to this protest, but he remembered the frugal clerk. Within a few months the young man found himself in charge of an outlying store in the chain—a store where overhead expense had been running wild.

An employee's economy is generally appreciated by the man who has to pay the bills.

Fred Shafer, who was bookkeeper in a factory that manufactured various wooden toys, bought a load of the shop cuttings for fire-wood. One evening, as he was starting his furnace, he noticed that in the wood-pile were a great number of pieces of dressed pine boards, all uniformly shaped like the blade of a butcher's cleaver.

It occurred to Fred that a pair of miniature bob-sleds might easily be constructed out of four of these pieces. After supper he tried his hand at the task, with pleasing results. The following morning he carried the toy to the factory with him, and demonstrated to his employer a profitable use for what had been regarded as a waste product.

How Margaret Got into the Firm

THE employee who concentrates upon business matters during working hours is bound to climb. Take the case of Margaret Jones. At the age of twenty she was employed as stenographer in the office of Stanton & Dox, a Chicago firm of real-estate brokers. One afternoon a man from out of town came into the office with a number of photographs, and explained to Margaret that he had a farm on the edge of a Michigan city to sell for fifteen thousand dollars cash. Mr. Stanton, of the firm, happened to be up in New Hampshire at the time, and Mr. Dox had gone from the office with a client. The farmer said he would have to leave for home that evening, and wanted to close a deal before going back.

Stanton & Dox never touched farm property, and Margaret knew it. The firm was reluctant about venturing far outside the "Loop." But as the farmer described his eighty-five acres Margaret was doing some thinking.

As a result she suggested to the farmer that he leave the photographs and a description of his farm with her, and also that he give her firm a thirty-day option on the property at the price asked for. This the farmer was glad to do.

When Mr. Dox returned to the office next day, Margaret explained what she had done.

"But we never deal in farm lands," protested Dox.

"I know," replied the stenographer. "But this farm is only three quarters of a mile from the post-office of that Michigan city. I heard the other day that Whitesun, Speedweigh & Company are looking for out-of-town property suitable for subdivision, and I was thinking that we might sell our option on this farm to them. This property should be a bargain to any subdivider at $20,000."

The option that a wide-awake stenographer purchased nominally for one dollar, and for which she actually paid nothing, was disposed of to the firm of sub-dividers for $5000. The sign on the door of the office in which Margaret works now reads "Stanton, Dox & Jones."

A Boy Whose Eyes Were Open

EACH morning, in a northern Indiana shirt factory, a pail of mixed starch left over from the previous day was thrown out as waste. This worried a boy who did odd jobs about the factory. He had noticed girls in a neighboring tobacco factory mixing flour and water to use in affixing revenue stamps to the tobacco packages. The thought occurred to the boy: why not sell the left-over starch to the tobacco manufacturer for use as paste?

On Saturday night of that week the lad went to his employer and turned over thirty cents—his gross receipts from the paste, which he had succeeded in selling to the tobacco manufacturer at five cents a pailful. Thirty cents, as a sum of money, meant very little to the shirt-factory owner; but the boy's attitude toward the business pleased him greatly. He put the odd-chore boy in the packing department, and hopes soon to start him out on the road with a trunk of samples.

Clerks in the Continental Department Store noticed that Ella Smith, a saleswoman in the white-goods department, after completing her transaction with a customer, would call the latter's attention, in a friendly way, to "specials" on sale that day in other departments. The other clerks thought that Ella's efforts were a waste of energy. But not so the buyer in Ella's department. He called the attention of the superintendent to this clerk who seemed interested in the total of a customer's purchases, not merely in the volume of her own individual sales. Ella is now a buyer of leather novelties, and as such enjoys the salary and privileges of a department manager.

A shirt cutter who lives at the Young Men's Christian Association helps his overstocked employer by bringing his friends around to buy sample shirts at a reduction. A grocery clerk offers to accommodate a customer by delivering her order on his way home to luncheon. A department-store packing clerk works out a more simple method of handling charge shipments, and saves time and money for his employer. A clothing salesman practises sign-writing at home, and surprises his boss by lettering some attractive price cards for the store window. In these and a thousand and one other ways employees do a bit more than is asked of them. Their motives, undoubtedly, are various; but, whether they are actuated by altruism or by selfishness, the result of excess service to an employer is promotion—invariably. Ask the men at the top.

Weary Nerves that beg for help

THE stress of overwork and worry has exhausted them — worn them down: they are *starving*.

Let them beg in vain for help, and nervous breakdown will result. But feed them more of their vital foods—albumen and phosphorus—combined in readily assimilable union, as in Sanatogen, and you will indeed be delighted to note how intensively they are built up, and how quickly they impart renewed vitality to the whole system.

At least such have been the recorded observations of thousands of physicians and of countless users of Sanatogen, among them Arnold Bennett, the novelist, who writes:

"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful"

and of Col. Henry Watterson, the noted editor, who writes:

"I do not believe I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

Give Sanatogen the chance today to help your weary nerves.

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FOOD-TONIC APPROVED BY SCIENCE

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

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ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Avoid Rice Powder Pimples

Everybody knows white lead is a deadly poison; it causes blotches and irritations. To avoid white lead face powder many women use rice powder. It has recently been discovered that rice powder is almost as bad as white lead. Rice powder is starchy, like bread flour. It is quickly turned into a gluey paste by the moisture of the skin. This swells in the pores, clogs the cuticle, causing enlarged pores, blackheads and unsightly pimples. Prove this yourself. Ask a number of your friends who have enlarged pores, blackheads or pimples what face powder they use. Nine out of ten will say rice powder, or they use "Poudre de Riz," which is French for rice powder. If you value the charm of a lovely complexion, stop rice powder. You can now get a powder that really beautifies your complexion and cannot injure the most delicate baby skin. This is the only face powder sold in America at any price guaranteed not to contain rice powder, bismuth, white lead, talcum or any injurious ingredient. It stays on better than any other powder. It really stays on until you wash it off. The specialist who makes this improved powder uses an ingredient that doctors use to heal pimples. Every time you apply this pure powder you give your complexion a real beauty treatment. It helps to prevent enlarged pores, blackheads and pimples. It is also remarkably astringent. It tightens the skin, discouraging flabbiness, crows' feet and wrinkles. It is so popular that prominent dealers everywhere find it hard to keep enough on hand to supply the big demand. Probably, because it is only 50c, everybody can afford to use it. You can use this same powder as a liquid powder. Just sprinkle a little dry powder in a dry saucer and apply it with a damp sponge. No other powder can be used both ways. When you use this delightful Powder La-say (French, L'Ame) you will be surprised to see how wonderfully it stays on. If your dealer will not supply you, order by mail of the American agent, Herbert Rowntree, A. O. A. Building, 106 East 19th St., N. Y. Order White, Flesh or Brunette.

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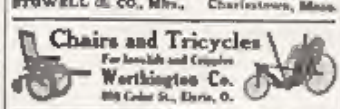

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How I Lost and Won My Boys

We call this a "human document"—just a bit of life told by a plain woman for the possible help of other women. We pay for human documents like this. What has happened in your life?

I HAVE three boys. I am domestic by nature, and I devoted myself to my little family. I liked nothing better, after a busy day, than a quiet evening with a new magazine or a bit of fancy work, and my children and their father with me.

But, of course, as the boys grew, outside interests began to take hold of them. They tried to share these with me, but I was too blind to understand. When they were little they begged me to visit their room at school; but I was always too tired or too busy. Later they wanted me to go to places with them, but it was the same excuse. I tried to explain to them that by the time I had pressed and cleaned their suits and ironed their shirts and darned their socks and cooked their meals I did not have much time or energy left for anything else.

As a matter of fact, these duties did about exhaust both my time and energy. It did not occur to me seriously that I was doing many things that the boys could just as well do for themselves. Like all boys, they were not fond of doing "chores," and I, instead of training them as I should, exempted them on one plea or another, and did everything myself.

The result was—first: the boys ceased to ask me to go with them, and they came to confide in me less and less; second: they grew to be thoughtless and selfish, taking all I did for them as a matter of course.

I did not realize, however, how far apart my boys and I had grown until their father lay in his last illness. I really had not thought of them as selfish until then; but during that trying time I began to see them in a new light. They left me alone with him night after night. They never thought to do any of the many little things that they could have done just as well as not.

I was too worried to think to the bottom of the matter then. After his death I suffered terribly from loneliness. The boys never offered to spend an evening with me. If I asked one of them to stay home, he would usually do it; but he was so plainly bored that I did not soon repeat the request. They never offered to do small chores, and I would not ask them to, no matter how tired I was.

It chanced, almost a year later, that I was going into the city to shop. It also chanced that two of the boys had no other engagement at the time my train was due, and they carried my grip and put me on the train. I was so grateful for this little act of courtesy that after the train had started I cried.

Then, suddenly, I sat bolt upright. Another thought had struck me square in the face. Why was I so absurdly grateful? Had I not a right to expect at least that much from my boys?

I found that I could get a train back home in an hour, and I cut my shopping short instead of staying all night at a friend's, as I had planned. That evening after supper I said to the boys:

"I would like to have you give me at least an hour. I have some things to say to you that can not be put off."

They seemed surprised, but came into the living-room and sat down.

"When I went away to-day," I began, "Ralph and Walter carried my grip for me and put me on the train. Do you know what I did the minute I was alone? I cried from sheer happiness. Do you realize that this is the first spontaneous courtesy you have shown me for a long time?

"I am going to take most of the blame for this condition of affairs upon myself," I went on. "When you were younger and wanted me to go to places with you, I should have gone, instead of waiting on you, as I did, until I was too tired to go. I should have insisted upon your helping me. The result is that we have been drifting apart. You do not realize it, boys, but you have grown very selfish and thoughtless. I have cried many a time because you went off for a good time instead of staying with your father when he was sick, even though he did not need your actual services. And I've cried many a time since because you leave me alone night after night. As I said, I'm blaming myself. I ought to have gone with you when you wanted me to, and I ought to have expected you to help me, so I could go. I'm going to do both in the future."

I had planned to say much more, but, woman-like, I broke down and wept. The boys were affected too, and we cleaned up old scores and agreed to start anew.

But our good resolutions would have amounted to nothing if I had not held to my purpose to enter into their life more fully and to expect certain things from them in return. Old habits were hard to break. I did not care to go out in the evenings; I did not care to invite company in. But I forced myself to do it. It was easier, often, to bring in a bucket of coal than to ask the boys to do it; but I held myself rigidly to this pledge too. And gradually I began to get acquainted with my boys again.

It took time and patience and good nature to effect this reform. But it has all paid, for to-day my boys and I are chums.

Don't Buy Stocks You Can't Sell

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

FREQUENT inquiries come to this magazine as to whether a certain stock is "listed" on the Stock Exchange, and if not why. Nearly all the New York City newspapers publish a complete catalogue of listed stocks, either in the column showing the actual sales or in the tabulation of inactive stocks for the day, showing the so-called "bid and asked" prices. But it is not so easy to give the reasons why any particular stock is dealt in on the curb market. Yet nothing is more important for the investor, when purchasing a security, than to have some idea where he can sell it in case of necessity.

A practical rule to follow is this: Never buy a share of stock from a salesman or in reply to an advertisement or circular unless it is proved to you beyond reasonable doubt that there will be plenty of available buyers should you desire to sell.

The function of the Stock Exchange is much misunderstood. It is not a great auction room, where any stock or bond may be bought or sold. Dealings are permitted in less than two thousand stocks out of a total of several hundred thousand in this country.

Yet these few stocks represent probably more than one fifth of the total capitalization of all American companies. Thus the Stock Exchange is the market for the

big corporations. It has no eager welcome for any company with less than $10,000,000 capital.

Stocks are not admitted if they are tied up by promoters' agreements or if they are not widely distributed. The exchanges in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities are even more restricted, and besides are local in character. Public auction sales of stocks are held weekly in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; but they are places for executors of estates and brokers rather than for individual investors.

Most generous and open of all is the curb market in New York City, but even this is limited to a very few thousand different stocks.

Most Stocks Sold "Over the Counter"

THE vast majority of all stocks find their only market privately "over the counter" of brokers' offices. This really means over the telephone. There are several brokers engaged in this class of business in every large city, and perhaps a hundred or more in New York. These transactions, vast in the aggregate, are publicly reported or recorded in only the most partial and haphazard fashion. Here, of course, is the essential and overwhelming advantage of a listed Stock Exchange security.

But while in countless instances "over the counter" dealers fix their own prices, which are often so far apart as to discomfort the investor, yet if the demand for the particular stock becomes great enough, if the company becomes very well known and there is an ample supply of the stock, the "over the counter" or "outside" dealers will make just as fair and close prices as brokers on the Stock Exchange. In other words, the market for a stock nearly always depends on the stock itself.

Aside from the publicity of its open price-making and the strict rules of business honor that the Stock Exchange imposes upon its members, there is not necessarily a better market on the Stock Exchange than off, other things being equal. That is, a small, little known company of no great merit will never have an active market for its stock, no matter where it is.

"Why are the insurance stocks not sold on the New York Stock Exchange or the curb?" asks an urgent for one of these companies. "I know they are sold by a few specialists who fix their own prices, but I understand there is no active market."

Fire insurance stocks are not listed chiefly because the capital is usually a very small one. There is one company with a capital of $10,000,000, the Continental Insurance Company, and 19,000 of its $25 shares were dealt in on the Stock Exchange last year. But it is the only listed fire insurance company. Another reason—and this applies to banks likewise—is that the stock is closely held by a few people who are directly in the business, or by their friends, and so there is little chance for outsiders to speculate.

Dividends are quite steady on banking and insurance company shares—except, of course, in the case of fire insurance companies when there is a wholesale disaster like the San Francisco earthquake; and because they are closely held by the insiders there is little opportunity for the outsiders to profit, even when dividends are raised or lowered.

Off the Stock Exchange

A SUFFICIENTLY "close" market exists in Wall Street for municipal bonds, government bonds, bonds of the better known public-utility holding companies, guaranteed railroad stocks, short-term notes and equipment bonds of railroads, and such industrial stocks as those of the Standard Oil companies, Borden's Condensed Milk, Child's Restaurant, New Jersey Zinc, Otis Elevator, Royal Baking Powder, and Singer Sewing Machine, even though no market exists for them on the Stock Exchange. This is because such securities are always desired either by banks or by the wealthier class of private investors.

Often the greatest objection to an "investment" in shares of new and small oil, gold, copper, and automobile concerns and new and small companies engaged in selling a limited line of manufactured articles or a single patented article, is not so much the possibility of loss through actual failure, as the fact that from the very nature of the case no adequate market can be provided for the resale of their stocks.

Free Booklets You May Have for the Asking

Arrangements have been made by which any reader mentioning this magazine may have any or all of the following booklets on request.

Write Slattery & Co., Inc., 40 Exchange Place, New York, for current issue of their fortnightly review, *Investment Opportunities*, which describes many sound and attractive investments. Ask for G-B, including booklet explaining the *Twenty-Payment Plan*.

The Cuyahoga Savings & Trust Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, will furnish to our readers, upon request, Booklet P, which contains some very interesting information on banking by mail.

So much is written about the war and its effects, that for business men a condensed and interesting treatment of things that are happening as they affect business, is of value. The *Daily Review* has an international reputation as the most graphic publication of this character. Issued weekly by J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York City. Sent on application.

Circulars outlining the permanent organization of the Railway Investors' League, of which Mr. John Muir is Chairman, will be sent on application to P. M. Whelan, Secretary of the League, 61 Broadway, New York City.

Exceptionally complete annual reports showing the progress made by Standard Gas and Electric Company and Northern States Power Company will be sent to investors by H. M. Byllesby & Company, Managers and Engineers, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and 1310 Trinity Building, New York.

The investor who realizes that in these days of $100 bonds there is no excuse for investing small amounts irrationally, should send to E. F. Coombs & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, for a copy of their booklet, "How," and Let 14, which will be sent free of charge.

A new circular, showing how to obtain a dividend every month through the Odd Lot method, has been issued by Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City. Ask for Circular O-14. The firm also offers special inducements in the way of advice to small investors.

The population of Minneapolis is steadily increasing with the development of the Northwest. First mortgage bonds on improved real estate in Minneapolis, paying 6 per cent. to the investor, may be obtained from Phelps-Bateman Company, Investment Bankers, McKnight Building, Minneapolis. Send for their descriptive circular "A."

The *Odd Lot Review*, published every Saturday, gives a viewpoint on market opportunities for the small and large investor. Sample copy will be sent on request to 61 Broadway, New York City.

All investors interested in the remarkable progress of public utility bonds should write to P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York, for a copy of their pamphlet, entitled *Bond Talk*, which deals with the fundamental principles of investment and the advantages of public utility bonds. Ask for "Bond Talk" B.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 bonds of the best known issues, and of a class that is held for investment by executors and savings banks, should send for the special list of that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City.

Public utility companies have shared the prosperity and progress of this country. Investors who are interested may obtain further information by writing to Williams & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York City. Ask for copy "O 4."

Any one interested in the security market should send to L. B. Lattrobe & Co., No. 111 Broadway, New York, for their statistical books on Copper Stocks, Motor Stocks, Standard Oil stocks, Investors Guide (370 pages), or Weekly Market Letter. This firm will mail you any one of these books free on request. Partial-Payment Plan.

Information of value for the average investor on $100 bonds and other securities yielding 5 to 7 per cent. is supplied by Coleman & Remz, 90 Broad Street, New York, through their weekly market letter, *The Financial Review*, which will be supplied if requested. Address Department R. W.

First farm mortgages and real estate bonds are not subject to fluctuations in value as in those uncertain times. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, North Dakota, will send a booklet free to those who are interested in Farm Mortgages. Ask for booklet "B."

Have you read Mr. Atwood's financial booklet, "Making Your Money Work for You"? It is written especially for our readers, and if you will write him, enclosing five cents in stamps, at 84 Madison Avenue, New York, he will send you a copy.

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She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

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For polishing body, hood and fenders use Johnson's Prepared Wax ***Liquid***. Easy to apply and polish. Absolutely dust-proof.

WE are now making Johnson's Prepared Wax in **liquid form** as well as paste—so that it may be more easily applied and polished. Johnson's Prepared Wax ***Liquid*** is exactly the same as our Paste Wax except that it is a liquid.

Johnson's Prepared Wax ***Liquid*** is easier to use than the Paste Wax. It polishes immediately with but very little rubbing. It gives a hard, dry, glasslike polish which will not gather dust or show finger prints.

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An application of Johnson's Prepared Wax ***Liquid*** will quickly and permanently remove it. It cleans, polishes and finishes in one operation. Gives a thin protecting coat over varnish, greatly prolonging its life and beauty.

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Apply With Cloth, Brush or Spray

Johnson's Prepared Wax ***Liquid*** is very easy to apply and polish—but very little rubbing is necessary. You can go over a good sized car in half an hour.

Tell your dealer that Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in **liquid** form and insist upon him securing it for you.

For further information write

S. C. Johnson & Son,
Dept. AS, RACINE, WIS.

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